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## NEWS FROM CHINA.

NOTHING can be more satisfactory than the political news just received from China. Our troops have not only compelled the Chinese officials, with the Emperor's own brother at their head, to sign a treaty of commerce, but, now that they know the way to Peking, and can at any time march there, there is really some ground for hoping that the terms of the treaty will be observed. The telegram from St. Petersburg, however, gives us no more information about the unfortunate prisoners still in the hands of the Chinese than we already possessed; and even now we cannot say whether Messrs. Bowlby and Brabazon have succumbed beneath the atrocious torture inflicted upon them or whether they are safely in camp with the rest of the English force in China. The *Times*, in the leading article which it published the day after the arrival of the English mail, spoke of some private letters in which it was stated that, of the eleven prisoners still unaccounted for, only two survived, and those two sows. On the other hand, Sir Hope Grant, in the postscript of his last despatch—sent off at the latest

moment by an extra steamer to catch the mail—speaks of the return of the remaining captives with a certain degree of confidence, and tells us plainly that he delayed his letter until the very last moment, in the hope of being able to give the names of those who might arrive. Every instant there was a chance of their coming in, but every instant also there was a chance, if the steamer were longer delayed, of the mail being lost. After this we confess we have no faith in the contents of the private letters which reached London simultaneously with the Government despatches, and which pretend to give later information than those despatches contained. We still believe that Captain Brabazon and Mr. Bowlby may be alive, and in the English camp, and shall hopefully nourish that belief until some very much clearer evidence to the contrary is adduced than any that has yet come before us. For every item of genuine news that reaches London on an important subject there are a hundred false rumours. We know what horrible and yet absurd stories were circulated about the fate of all the prisoners the day after the telegram from Alexandria appeared

in the papers. There was no possibility, then, of any one knowing more on the subject than every one interested in it already knew; and until some steamer arrives bringing us news from China of a later date than Sir Hope Grant's last despatch no one, from private or any other sources, can add a particle of information to what was published in the morning papers of Monday last.

It was not to be expected, perhaps, that the rumours spread about London in connection with the fate of our unfortunate countrymen in captivity should be all of a dark character. The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* gave currency a few days since to a report of quite an opposite description, and stated that news had been received on Monday evening to the effect that "the rest of the prisoners had returned, and among them Mr. Bowlby." It was not likely that any one in London having received intelligence that Mr. Bowlby was even alive would not at once communicate it to the *Times*, as the speediest means of relieving his relatives and friends from the cruel suspense in which they have so long been kept. No man who



FROM THE FARM TO THE STATION: CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR LONDON FRIENDS.—(DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR.)



had really good reasons for believing such news to be true would begin by forwarding it to Manchester; yet, not believing it to be true, we can scarcely understand how any one could permit himself to indulge in idle gossip on such a serious and painful subject.

We pointed out to our readers last week the probability that we should soon receive intelligence from China via Kiakhta and St. Petersburg, and of a much later date than any that had come to us by what we call our overland route, which is a very different thing from the continuous road of the Russians across the oceanic plains of Siberia. By the terms of Mouravieff's treaty the Chinese bound themselves to send a courier every month from Pekin to Kiakhta, the nearest town on the Russian side, who was to perform the journey in not longer than a fortnight. From Kiakhta to Moscow the distance is between five and six thousand miles, and this terrible journey appears to have been performed in less than twenty-two days; for the despatches which left Pekin on the 9th of November were received in St. Petersburg on the 15th of the present month; and the distance by railway from Moscow to St. Petersburg—four hundred and fifty miles—could not be travelled over in less than nine or ten hours. Probably, in consideration of the important news that had to be conveyed, the Chinese couriers were prevailed upon to set spurs to their horses in conveying the despatches from Pekin to Kiakhta; but in any case the transmission of intelligence from Pekin to St. Petersburg in thirty-six days was a most astonishing feat—more astonishing by far than the actual news transmitted; for it was easy to see from Lord Elgin's despatches that as soon as the Chinese consented to give up the English prisoners there would be no difficulties in the way of a peace.

#### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR FRIENDS IN LONDON

THERE will soon be hecatombs of farmyard birds lying at the various railway stations in the metropolis. Great must be the slaughter at such farmhouses as have a large circle of friends in town, to whom the warmhearted master or mistress must express their genial regard before the Christmas fires roar upon their own mighty dinner! Let us hope that they may experience all the joy of ungrudging souls, and that their gifts may reach their destination at a moment so opportune as to call for a hearty blessing on the donors.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* announces the return of the Empress to Paris on Thursday week, and states that her Majesty's health is more satisfactory.

The opening of the Session of the French Legislative Body is, it is said, fixed for the 15th of February.

#### SARDINIA AND SWITZERLAND.

Count Cavour has addressed another note to the Federal Council, stating that he withdraws, under certain conditions, the demand contained in his note of the 10th of November last for the removal of the sequestration placed upon the income of the bishopric of Como, in the canton of Tessin.

#### BAVARIA.

Baron Verger, Bavarian Minister Plenipotentiary at Turin, having been recalled, the Sardinian Minister has, in consequence, received orders to quit his post at the Bavarian Court.

#### AUSTRIA.

The agitation in Hungary seems daily to gain strength. The laws of 1848 are everywhere recognised in the Comitats as the basis of government, and an independent Ministry for Hungary is demanded. The Conferences at Pesth and at Gran passed resolutions to this effect, and the example will no doubt be universal. Baron Vay, the Chancellor of Hungary, has declared that the demands of the Comitats of Pesth transgress constitutional limits.

The inhabitants of Dalmatia seem to oppose the projected union of their kingdom with the Banate of Croatia, which, they pretend, cannot be decreed without the consent of a Dalmatian Diet.

Despatches from Vienna announce that the plan of the Chevalier de Schmerling, who has just entered the Ministry, has been adopted. According to that plan the empire of Austria will for the future have an Upper Chamber composed for the first time of at least 200 members, for whom will be admitted, as for the House of Lords in England, the principle of hereditary descent; and a second, or Elective Chamber, which will comprise 250 members, to be named by the different provincial assemblies, in proportion to their respective importance. In consequence of this mechanism, Austria, like the United States, would have a double representation—one concerning the special interests of each province, and the other the interests of the whole empire.

Richter, accused of complicity in the Eynatten frauds, has been condemned to imprisonment for one month, during three days of which month he is to fast (to have nothing but bread and water). He is to give 25,634 florins to the eleemosynary fund of the city of Vienna, and to bear the costs of the trial.

#### RUSSIA.

Many German papers have stated that the ukase decreeing the abolition of serfdom was already printed at the Imperial printing-office, and that it was to be promulgated on the 1st of January. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Berlin National Zeitung*, however, states that this rumour is devoid of truth, inasmuch as no such ukase has received the Imperial sanction, nor has the project been decided on by the highest body in the State. There is, nevertheless, every probability that such a document will soon be issued.

#### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

An angry discussion has taken place between the Porte and the Sardinian Minister on account of some Sardinian vessels having left for the Danube with munitions of war, supposed to be destined for Hungary or Servia. Three of the vessels were stopped by order at Sulina (they are to be sent back to Genoa), and two have proceeded.

A Commission of Inquiry has been named for Bosnia and the Herzegovine.

Tefik Effendi has been appointed to replace Moukhtar Pacha as Minister of Finances.

The question of the occupation of Syria is still being discussed. The Porte appears likely to consent to the occupation being prolonged.

Letters from Montenegro report the serious illness of the Prince.

Russian Pan Slavist propaganda is being actively prosecuted throughout the provinces.

The question of the new loan is still undecided.

New commercial treaties are being negotiated between the Porte and England and the Porte and France.

News of further defeats of the Russians has been received from Circassia. The mountaineers were commanded by Ismail Pacha and Mehmet Bey.

#### INDIA.

A telegram from Bombay, November 16, states that the "5th Europeans have mutinied at Dinapore, and have been disbanded. One man was shot."

The combination against the income tax continues to be maintained

in Bombay. Most of the factories are closed, and the planters who have not been ruined absolutely are engaged in prosecuting the ryots for the recovery of their *nij* lands.

#### NEW ZEALAND.

THE *Sydney Herald* has news from New Zealand to the 12th of October. "Major Hutchinson had sent for reinforcements and heavy guns, and these were promised by General Pratt; but when they were got the General changed his mind, and ordered his expedition back to town, to the disgust and surprise of every individual composing it. Another expedition took place on the 29th of September, the object of which was to fill up the rifle-pits of the pahs destroyed by General Pratt's expedition on the 11th. Colonel Leslie, of the 40th Regiment, was in command of the 500 men detached for the service, with orders, it is stated, not to interfere with the natives. But there was either no such order given, or the terms of it must have been very deficient, as the service upon which Colonel Leslie was detached was an interference that was almost certain to provoke hostilities. And so it resulted. The men were fired upon first at long range, and, finding it led to no return, and the strictest orders having been given that no man should fire without an order from the Colonel, the natives came out of cover, and hunted the retreating troops over two miles of open country. The rear-guard, at last, exasperated to madness at seeing their comrades fall, and to save themselves, the natives being within one hundred yards, wheeled about and fired in defiance of their commander. But only one native was killed. When the mail left a force of 1000 men, under the General, had proceeded to Kahiki, to attack the rebels and capture some pahs. We hear that three were taken with the loss of a man, but nothing is said of the loss on the part of the Maories. And to further complicate matters, the Waikatos, from 800 to 1000 strong, are on their way to the Waitara to join Wiremu Kingi. It is rumoured also that Governor Browne has tendered his resignation in consequence of Sir G. C. Lewis's despatch on the war, and that an attack upon Auckland by the Waikatos was apprehended. The general tenor of the news is more gloomy than ever, and, unfortunately, all confidence in the military chiefs seems to be lost."

#### THE AFFAIRS OF ITALY.

##### THE TWO SICILIES.

The news from Gaeta is that a truce of fifteen days between the combatants had been arranged, by the intervention of England and France, in order that negotiations for its surrender might be entered into; the French Emperor intimating to the King of Naples that if at the expiration of the fifteen days he persists in his useless defence, the French fleet will withdraw from Gaeta and leave him to his fate. King Francis, however, had refused the condition proposed to him, and the bombardment was to recommence. The King has issued a manifesto calling upon the Neapolitans to support him. He promises an amnesty, and distinct Parliament for the Two Sicilies; and intimates that, even if at present defeated, he will still retain the hope of returning to his dominions.

There are at present 15,000 men in Gaeta, with provisions for six months for perhaps 6000 men, and a great quantity of ammunition.

The Naples journals report that quiet has been restored in the Abruzzi and Calabria, and that the movement in the province of Avellino had been partially suppressed. Still the country is evidently in a very unsettled state.

An important step towards the restoration of order in Upper Italy has been taken by the organisation of the mobilised National Guard. The project of the Minister Minghetti for administrative decentralisation is also highly approved by the Naples journals.

General Dunne, Garibaldi's Aide-de-Camp in all his campaigns in Sicily and Naples, was shot at Naples, on the 7th inst., by a man said to be a Sicilian, instigated thereto by the General (who knew him to be a coward) interfering with his promotion. At the last accounts the gallant General was still alive.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples has given in his adhesion to the Government of Victor Emmanuel, as has also the Cardinal of Capua. His Eminence has promised that in future he will only occupy himself with his religious duties.

Victor Emmanuel's Minister of Finance has obtained permission to contract a loan of twenty-five millions for commencing public works. He is attempting to contract another loan abroad, under guarantee of the State, for a similar purpose.

The correspondent of the *Debats* at Turin says:—"General Benedek has informed his troops that they must be prepared for war in the spring, and that it is at Mantua he means to crush Garibaldi and his adherents. The *Turin Gazette*, a very moderate journal, likewise says that the Venetian question must be settled, and no Ministry could stand for a single day which gave up Venice. Therefore, if diplomacy wishes to avoid a conflict it must make the best use of the months of January and February."

##### ROME.

There was a report early this week that 2000 Pontifical troops were about to march against the town of Ponte-Corvo to overthrow the Provisional Government established there in the name of King Victor Emmanuel.

Great disorder is prevalent in the Papal States. While reactionary movements are taking place in the March provinces and in Umbria, Benevento is said to be lost to the Holy See. On Monday next, in Consistory, the Pope will address an allocution to the Cardinals.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE following is a summary of the President's Message, delivered at Washington on the 4th inst. The first topic discussed is the revolutionary crisis:—

"Mr. Buchanan asks why, while the country is eminently prosperous in all its material interests, the Union, the source of all these blessings, is threatened with destruction.

"The cause, he says, is close at hand. It is the long-continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the South which has given rise to servile insurrection, and inspired the slaves with vague notions of freedom. Hence a sense of security no longer exists round the family altar. Mr. Buchanan maintains that the election of Lincoln involves no provocation for disunion, and states that the South is in no immediate danger therefrom. He considers secession revolutionary, and denies the doctrine of constitutional secession. He next contends that the Federal Government has no right to coerce receding States into submission, and that coercion is impracticable.

"The relations with all foreign Powers, excepting Spain, are declared to be amicable and satisfactory.

"Some suggestions are made in reference to the purchase of Cuba.

"As the disputed title to the Island of San Juan is under negotiation with Great Britain, it is not deemed advisable to make any allusion to the subject.

"The President regards the visit of the Prince of Wales as a most auspicious event, and says that its consequences cannot fail to increase the kindred and kindly feeling which, he trusts, may ever actuate the Governments and people of both countries.

"The financial condition is briefly discussed, and considerable reductions are shown in the annual expenditure.

"The Message concludes with lengthy remarks about the necessity for modifications in the tariff to meet deficiencies of revenue."

After the reading of the President's Message the following amendment was moved and carried:—

That so much of the Message as related to the perilous condition of the country be referred to a Select Committee, composed of one member from each State.

The Message is condemned by those of extreme opinions from both North and South.

In Charleston the pacific tone of the President's Message caused considerable surprise.

#### THE WAR IN CHINA.

An extraordinary Supplement to the *Gazette* containing despatches, and letters printed in the daily journals, now give us full information as to the capture of Pekin and the detention of the English prisoners. On the 8th of October, Parkes, Loch, the Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, a gentleman attached to the French army in some scientific capacity, one of Probyn's Sikhs, and four French soldiers (who, it now appears, were the only prisoners confined in Pekin itself), were restored to the camp, but the others, who, from the latest and most reliable Chinese account, had been imprisoned in various district towns in the neighbourhood of the capital, had not made their appearance.

##### THE NEGOTIATIONS.

The Chinese for a long time declined to return the prisoners, but Lord Elgin decidedly refused to negotiate until they were released. These negotiations gave the Chinese a short respite, which was probably the means of saving San-ko-lin-sin's army from a third disastrous defeat, owing to the non-arrival of the reinforcement of French infantry as soon as was expected, and which only reached their camp on the morning of the 3rd. Meanwhile our own Commander-in-Chief had not been idle.

Since the 21st of November our army had been strengthened by a battalion of the 60th Rifles, the 67th, the Royals, wings of the 99th, Queen's, and 8th Punjabees, together with the siege-guns and several 8-inch mortars. These latter were brought up from Tien-Tsin to Tung-Chou, by the river, in four days and a half, and the same means of communication was made use of for the purpose of conveying the supplies of the army. Immense quantities of ammunition, food, and other stores were carried along it in salt-boats drawing only ten inches when laden with two tons each, thus relieving the commissariat of a vast amount of labour in the way of land transport. The whole of this water conveyance was in the hands of the navy, and too much praise cannot be given to Admiral Hope, who organised, and Captain Roderick Dew and the other active officers who carried out the details of the system in a way that left nothing to be desired. At Tung-Chou an extensive depot was formed by both French and English for the reception of commissariat stores, and placed under a guard of 400 marines and a corresponding number of French soldiers.

On the morning of Oct. 2, Wade, Lord Elgin's interpreter, received a note from Parkes, written in Chinese, stating that he and Loch were together, and well treated, but in want of clothes, which they had, however, received permission to have sent in to them, and would be glad to have.

It then went on to speak in high terms of the Prince of Kung's talents and kindness, but in a curiously-constrained manner, showing that it had been written under some sort of restraint. This was clearly proved by a postscript in Hindostanee, in English character, put by Loch above his signature, saying that the letter had been written by order of the Government. An answer was written to Parkes by Wade, both in Chinese and English, neither of which could do any harm if inspected by the authorities. Some clothes were sent in at the same time, and, in order to let them know, if possible, what steps were about to be taken in their behalf, one of Mr. Stuart Wortley's handkerchiefs was put into Loch's bundle to attract his attention, with a sentence in Hindostanee printed in English characters round the embroidered initials, to the effect that in three days the heavy guns would open on the city and knock down the walls. The same sentence was worked on one of his shirts in a part likely to be noticed by himself, but not conspicuous to the public. These were all dispatched on the evening of the 2nd.

##### THE ADVANCE ON PEKIN.

On the 3rd the army moved forward. Lord Elgin accompanied it. About two o'clock on the following day letters were received from Parkes and Loch, this time written in English, confirming the previous statement that they were well, but saying that it was only since the 29th that they had been well treated.

This took us all by surprise, the Prince of Kung's letters [the Prince, a brother of the Emperor, had been appointed to negotiate with the allies] having invariably stated that all the prisoners were well treated, and we having no reason to doubt their accuracy in this respect. It was evident from the letters that these two were confined apart from the others, as they only spoke of themselves, and did not ask for anything but what they required for their own use. Answers, and some few things, in addition to those sent in two days before, were forwarded.

At daylight of the 5th of October the allied armies, numbering over 10,000 fighting men, started on the march that was to bring them in sight of Pekin, taking three days' rations with them, but leaving their tents and baggage behind.

It was a bright, cold, autumnal morning, such as occur in these latitudes at this season of the year, followed by hot days; and it was a beautiful and stirring sight to watch the army as it gradually wound its way onward through the well-wooded and here really pretty country, bounded on the north and west by a noble range of mountains, which looked in the clear atmosphere as if they were only ten instead of nearly thirty miles away. After marching about six miles we came in sight of some of the remains of what was once a great earthwork, running along the whole eastern face of the city, and distant from it nearly three-quarters of a mile. It is now no longer continuous, but broken up into a series of large mounds; and, cantering to the top of one of these, we had our first look at Pekin, which was certainly somewhat disappointing, as it lies low, and we were unable to get any extensive view of it. We were only able to see distinctly a portion of the wall, the top of one of the gate-towers, and an immense tower at the north-east angle of the walls. The General had made up his mind to rest his troops here, and let them get their breakfast comfortably; after which there would still be plenty of time to look up and destroy the Tartar camp, when a message was brought to him from the French General, saying that his troops, who had certainly had to march some miles further than ours, were fatigued, and that he would much prefer waiting until the next day before advancing any further. Sir Hope Grant made a merit of necessity, and the troops encamped where they were.

It had been ascertained from a very accurate map of the city that a continuous line of old intrenchments ran, as it were, in prolongation of the east and west walls for about a mile northwards, where they were joined together by a similar line running parallel to the north wall.

It was somewhere within this inclosure, which formed a parallelogram about four miles long by one broad, covered with woods and small villages, with the exception of one portion, reserved as a parade-ground by the Emperor, that San-ko-lin-sin's army was supposed to be encamped, probably towards the western end. The intention was to move forward, at first parallel to the eastern intrenchment, and afterwards to the left, along the northern one, until the enemy was reached. It was found, however, early in the day, that the enemy was in no great force outside the city, and Sir Hope Grant pushed on towards the position we now occupy. On his way he saw a considerable body of cavalry falling back before him, but did not get up to them, as he had only infantry with him, and the cavalry were away on the right. About the same time he sent a message to the French General, saying that he was moving forward somewhat to the right, and asking him to follow and do the same. General de Montauban went more decidedly to the right than was intended, crossed the rear of our army, and, after marching till seven at night, always under the impression that he was behind us, came suddenly on the Emperor's great summer palace of Yuen-Ning-Yuen, some of the principal buildings of which he immediately occupied, after a trifling resistance. He found it entirely abandoned, except by about four hundred eunuchs, who attempted no resistance, and were made prisoners.

Meanwhile Sir Hope Grant, with the two infantry divisions, came upon a small picket of Tartars in a village situated just outside the gap in the intrenchment through which the great north road runs, which leads from the North Gate up into Tartary.

They were soon driven in, and, joining a large body of horsemen, retired along the road towards the City Gate. The army then encamped just inside the northern earthwork intrenchment already alluded to, it being evident that there was no enemy left outside the city, at all events on the north side. There was some speculation during the afternoon (we reached this place as early as one o'clock) as to what could possibly have become of the French and our own cavalry, neither of whom had made their appearance; but when night came on, and there was still no signs of them, a pretty correct guess was made as to their whereabouts, and it turned out afterwards that the cavalry, as well as the French, had come up to the Summer Palace, and bivouacked for the night in its neighbourhood.

During the same afternoon Major Greathead, of the Bengal Engineers, A.D.C. to Sir R. Napier, made a reconnaissance, accompanied by a small party of infantry, and succeeded in getting within 180 yards of the North Gate, and eighty yards of the wall more to the eastward.

He found the former closed, and people on the inside evidently on the alert, though they did not fire on him. He then went round by the suburbs to get a good sight of the wall and ditch, in which he was quite successful. He describes the wall as about forty feet high, of which about eight would



be knocked off by the first fire, and the ditch as being apparently quite dry. It could be quite possible to bring the heavy guns up under cover to within 100 yards of the wall.

The next morning Wade received a letter from Parkes, dated the day before, at three o'clock in the afternoon, inclosed in one from the Prince of Kung, written from the Palace of Yuen-Ning-Yuen, which he had only just time to escape from before the arrival of the French, which gave the welcome news that the authorities had at last made up their minds to release all those confined in Peking the next day but one.

Wade immediately arranged to have an interview with Hang-ke, who is now one of the Ministers of the House-hold and Assistant-Commissioner with the Prince of Kung, in order that he might let him know what the Commanders-in-Chief proposed with regard to Peking, and ascertain what probability there was of having the prisoners not in Peking sent in as well as the others. Hang-ke, when first informed that it was a *sine qua non* that one of the gates of Peking should be put in possession of the allied troops, affected to say it was a thing not to be thought of, but he soon calmed down, and ended by saying he thought it was a thing which, after all, it might be possible to agree to.

He expressed great concern at the occupation of the Emperor's palace, and the way in which it had been pillaged, in the first instance by the French alone, and subsequently with the consent of both Commanders-in-Chief.

This seemed, indeed, to have produced a greater impression on him than any other event that had occurred during the war. The looting of it has undoubtedly been most complete; the French officers made scarcely an effort to prevent the most indiscriminate destruction. The English have certainly succeeded in getting a large amount of valuables, and I am told nearly £20,000 of treasure has been set apart for division in certain proportions among the army at large. So far one body has behaved better than the other; but when this is said all is said that can be urged in favour of any one in connection with the terrible mismanagement that seems to have guided every step taken in reference to the occupation, destruction, and abandonment of what was, four days ago, by far the most magnificent series of edifices in China, and certainly one of the most remarkable sights I ever saw.

It appears from the statements of the released prisoners that when Loch, accompanied by Captain Brabazon, of the artillery, and two sows, with a flag of truce, started on the morning of the 18th for Tung-Chou to desire Parkes and the other Englishmen then there to return at once to head-quarters, reached that town without encountering any difficulty, except in passing through the Tartar lines, which was soon got over, and found, on arriving at the temple where Parkes, Loch, and the two others had spent the night, that the former had, on his return to Tung-Chou, desired the sows to be ready to start at a moment's notice, and left a note for De Norman and Bowly, who had gone out for a walk, to wait his return; after doing which he proceeded in search of the Prince of I and his fellow-commissioners. He had some difficulty in finding them, but at last, with the assistance of the Prefect, he did discover where they were.

On inquiring of the Prince whether he was aware of what was likely to occur on the other side of Chan-Keia-Wan if the Chinese army remained where it was, and whether it was by his instructions or with his knowledge that they were occupying the positions which they did? he answered him in a half-jeering, half-insolent tone, very different from any that he had hitherto used in the conversations they had had together, reminding him that one point had always remained unsettled—viz., as to whether Lord Elgin should have an audience with the Emperor or not. Parkes replied that this was not one of the points involving peace or war, and had never been so considered, having always been looked on as one which could be reserved for discussion after the more important points had been agreed to; that the Prince must have quite understood this the day before; and he again asked him what he meant to do? The Prince again replied in the same tone as before, and after some further discussion, leading to no result, Parkes left him with the firm conviction on his mind that the whole was a preconceived plan between the Prince and San-ko-lin-sin, consequent upon their having made up their minds to try the issue of another battle. He met Loch looking for him; they returned to their temple together, found the whole party assembled, and started off at a brisk canter for the British camp. They had passed through Chan-Keia-Wan, and were within half a mile of our troops, when the guns opened, and almost at the same moment large bodies of Mongol cavalry began closing in on either flank of their small force, blowing their matches and preparing to fire. As the pace at which they were then going looked very much as if they were running away (which they did not wish to be supposed the case, as they had a flag of truce), they slackened their pace to consult as to what they should do. They were immediately almost surrounded by troops, and told civilly enough that they could not be allowed to pass, as the action had begun, without having the express permission of the General. In reply to a question from Parkes, they said he was close by, and they thought it better before making an attempt to cut their way through, to see if they could not obtain permission to pass out. Accordingly Parkes, Loch, and one of Probyn's sows, carrying the flag of truce, went to see the General, telling the others that they would soon be back. They had to pass round a field of tall standing millet, which completely shut them out from the sight of their companions and escort, and scarcely had they turned the corner when they found themselves in the face of some hundred infantry, who presented their matchlocks, and would have fired if an officer had not prevented them. Beyond these they saw several officers, one of whom was San-ko-lin-sin himself. Parkes requested that an order might be given to allow them to pass, but after a very short conversation he saw this was not to be granted, and that they were to be made prisoners. They were hustled off their horses, stripped of their arms, and pushed before San-ko-lin-sin, when they were forced on to their knees, and every one who could, seizing beard, hair, or whisker, rubbed and bumped their heads upon the ground before him. They saw no more of their friends, and to this hour are ignorant of how they were captured; they listened, but heard no firing. They themselves were conveyed to Peking, confined in separate flocks' prisons with every description of criminal in the same place, and heavily chained until the 29th ult., when they were again brought together, and removed to a comfortable temple and treated with every consideration until they were released yesterday (the 8th of October).

#### SUFFERINGS OF THE PRISONERS.

The evidence of the Sikhs who returned to the English camp was as follows:—

When captured we were taken outside Tung-Chow, and our arms taken away from us. We then remounted, and went over the stone bridge, along the paved road, to a joshouse, about one or two miles on this side. The next day Captain Brabazon and a Frenchman left us, and we were taken through Peking to a garden on the other side. (The place was near a lake, and temples round.) We were there put into tents, six in each. Mr. Anderson told out the numbers to each. This was about two in the day. About half-an-hour after our arrival Mr. De Norman was taken out, under the pretence of having his face and hands washed. He was immediately seized, thrown on the ground, and his hands and feet tied together behind. Mr. Anderson was then taken out, and tied in the same manner; then Mr. Bowly, and then the Frenchman, and then the sows. After we had all been tied, they put water on our bonds to tighten them. They then lifted us up, and took us into a courtyard, where we remained in the open for three days, exposed to the sun and cold. Lieutenant Anderson became delirious, and remained so, with a few lucid intervals, until death, which occurred on the ninth day of his imprisonment. Two days before his death his nails and fingers burst from the tightness of the cords, and mortification set in, and the bones of his wrist were exposed. Whilst he was alive worms were generated in his wounds, and cat into and crawled all over his body. They left the body three days, and then took it away. Five days after his death a sow named Randum died in the same state. His body was taken away immediately. Three days after this Mr. De Norman died. We had nothing to eat all that time. At last they gave us about two square inches of bread, and a little water. In the daytime the place was left open, and hundreds of people came to stare at us; there were many men of rank among them. If we spoke a word or asked a soldier was placed on guard over each of us. If we spoke a word or asked for water, we were beaten and stamped upon. They kicked us about the head with their boots. If we asked for something to eat, they crammed dirt down our mouths. At the end of the third day iron rods were put on our necks, wrists, and ankles; and about three o'clock on the fourth day we were taken away in carts. I never saw Mr. Anderson again. In our two carts there were eight of us—namely, three Frenchmen, four Sikhs, and myself. One Frenchman died on the road; he was wounded with a sword-cut on the head. We were then taken away towards the hill. That night we stopped at a house to eat and rest, and travelled all the next day. We stopped again at night, and late the next day arrived at a walled town as big as Tien-Tsin. There was also a large white fort outside the town, about two miles off. The place was surrounded on three sides by high hills. We were taken into the fort inside the town. A Frenchman died after we had been in jail about eight or nine days, and sowar Prem Singh about three or four days after that. They both died from maggots eating into their flesh, and from which mortification ensued. The mandarin in charge of the jail took off my iron about ten days ago. The Chinese prisoners were very kind to us, cleaned and washed our wounds, and gave us what they had to eat.

Mr. Loch, in his account of his capture, says:—

We soon got on to the Peking paved road; but had they not occasionally taken the cart on to the side road I do not think we could have lasted out the seven hours we were in it. From pain, dust, and heat, our thirst became intense. Once or twice they gave us water. After a time they took out one of the French and Sikh prisoners and put them into another cart, some of their officials taking their place in ours. These men caused me great tortures by lifting up my arms, which seemed tearing them out of their sockets. The old Sikh sowar behaved with calm endurance. I told him not to fear, we were in God's hands. "Ah! sahib," he said, "I do not fear; I am sixty; if I do not die to-day, I may to-morrow, and I am with you; I do not fear." It was getting dark ere we reached the suburbs of Peking; they were not so long as we expected, for after about half a mile we reached the gate, which, from its great height, has an imposing appearance. The crowds of people could hardly be kept back who pressed forward to see us. The street we entered on passing the gate was some fifty feet broad; but the houses on either side were small and only of one story. Darkness coming on, we could not see anything, even if we had had the strength to look about us.

Parkes and Loch were afterwards separated, and the latter had to undergo much questioning.

The examiners sat behind a table, in front of which I was forced down upon my knees. A number of questions were put to me, which of course I did not understand, but a man who seized me by the hair, and another by the ear and beard, gave me a shake and a cuff each time I failed to answer. After five minutes of this I made signs I wanted my hat; that had been knocked off, and was lying in front of me; at this the examiners abused me, and I was knocked forward on my face, a large iron collar was put round my neck, with a long heavy chain attached to it, and I was removed into an inner courtyard, where by the dim light of a lantern I saw Mr. Parkes seated on a bench. Few words passed between us: two chains were here made fast to my legs, and passed through the long chain which was attached to the collar round my neck. We were then made to get up, and the saddest moment of the day then came, for I saw Mr. Parkes being led away in one direction, while they took me in another; I could only say, "God bless you, Parkes!" and we were separated. They led me through long open passages into a courtyard, which had a long barnlike building on one side, with grating windows, through which a strong light shone. The gaolers rapped at the door, when the most unearthly yell arose that I ever heard; the door was opened with a bang, and I found myself surrounded by about forty half-naked, savage, villainous-looking fellows as I ever saw in my life. They were criminals of all descriptions—murderers, thieves, &c. Some twenty of them were chained like myself. One end of the room seemed kept apart for their use. At the other end were the prisoners who were not chained, who seemed of a better class. As soon as I had entered the door was closed behind me, and the gaolers pinioned my elbows, although my hands were still bound. By this time I had lost all use of my fingers; they felt bursting, and my hands were greatly swollen. After a little time they loosened the rope at my wrist, but only to put on irons. They gave me a cup of tea, which was very grateful, for I was greatly exhausted. I was glad to see that they intended to place me among the better lot of unchained prisoners, for the others were covered with itch and vermin. They laid me down on a board like a guardroom bed, and chained me up by my neck-chain to a beam over my head. I was able to lie at full length, and, worn out utterly, I fell into a deep sleep. The next morning my waking was very sad; a little after daylight the doors were thrown open, and we were unchained from the beams, and every one went into the courtyard. The prisoners were very civil and kind; three were appointed to watch and guard me, and at night one always sat at the head of my bed. They helped me by carrying my chain, by getting me water to wash my face and hands, and by getting me a seat to myself if I wanted one. I found out that of my three attendants two were murderers, and the third was imprisoned for biting his father's finger off. I was surprised to see the good and kindly feeling that existed between all the prisoners; they seemed to feel for each other, and I have often seen a man who had a little better food than his neighbour give him half. During the twelve days I was in prison with them I only heard one quarrel.

The last week of Parkes and Loch's confinement was not the least anxious one for them, for, on the one hand, they had intelligence from Lord Elgin, conveyed as already described, stating that the city was to be bombarded, and, on the other, they were told by Hang-ke that he much feared the sound of the first gun fired against the walls would be the signal of their death.

#### LOOTING THE SUMMER PALACE.

The Summer Palace is about five miles, by a circuitous road, north-west of this camp, outside the earthwork. A description of it is given in Staunton's account of Lord Macartney's embassy, and other works on China:—

Indiscriminate loot has been allowed. The public reception-hall, the state and private bedrooms, ante-rooms, boudoirs, and every other apartment has been ransacked; articles of virtue, of native and foreign workmanship, taken, or broken if too large to be carried away, ornamental latticework, screens, jade-stone ornaments, jars, clocks, watches, and other pieces of mechanism, curtains and furniture—none have escaped from destruction. There were extensive wardrobes of every article of dress; coats richly embroidered in silk and gold thread, in the Imperial dragon pattern; boots, head-dresses, fans, &c.; in fact, rooms all but filled with them. Store-rooms of manufactured silk in rolls, such as may be bought in Canton at 20 dollars to 30 dollars per piece. By a calculation made in the rooms there must have been 70,000 or 80,000 pieces. Hundreds were thrown down and trampled on, and the floor covered thickly with them; men were throwing them at each other, and all taking as many as they could carry. They were used instead of rope to secure the loading of carts filled with them. Throughout the French camp were hundreds of pieces, some heaped up, others used to make tents or beds, and coverlets. Some idea of the quantity of silk may be given by the fact that fowls, old pots, &c., were wrapped in the most costly silks and satins. All the ladies had disappeared, but their little Japanese dogs, something resembling King Charles spaniels, were running about in a distracted state. Mr. Wade secured some valuable books and papers; some, we believe, for the British Museum. A party of French afterwards went through the apartments with sticks, breaking everything that remained—mirrors, screens, panels, &c. It is said that they did so in revenge for the barbarous treatment the released prisoners, their countrymen, had received. A treasury, containing a large quantity of gold ingots and sycee silver, is under charge of a guard, and is to be divided between the English and the French. The total value of property destroyed would amount to a large instalment of the indemnity claimed. In one of the ante-rooms of the State bedroom at the Summer Palace the treaty of Tien-Tsin, in English and Chinese, signed by Lord Elgin, was found. It had been thrown on the ground by some one, and lay in the heap of broken articles, till the English paper evidently attracted the eye of the person who discovered it. A general order from the British Commander-in-Chief desired that all articles taken by officers and men were to be sent in for sale by public auction for the benefit of the army, which was done. All were permitted to have the articles they had brought away for themselves valued, and have the option of taking or rejecting them. Many beautiful curios and souvenirs were thus obtained at a nominal price. The sale realised 32,000 dollars, which, with the value of the treasure, estimated at 61,000 dollars, is to be divided as prize-money on the spot.

Letters were found in the palace from San-ko-lin-sin to the Emperor, assuring him of his confidence in being able to annihilate us by the arrangements he had made on the road at Chan-Kia-Wan, where the battle was fought. He begged the Emperor to have no apprehensions as to the results; that, having ascertained how few our numbers were, he was confident he could surround and destroy us. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed at the decision of the Commander-in-Chief, that only those of the troops who marched from the last halting-place on the 6th were to participate in the prize-money, all the rest, those at the dépôt at Tung-Chow and elsewhere, being excluded. The Commander-in-Chief and general officers have waived their right to share. A gold jug of great value was presented to the Commander-in-Chief by the army. Nearly all the articles were sold at very high prices.

#### CONCLUSION OF PEACE—PEKIN EVACUATED.

A despatch was received from St. Petersburg on Saturday afternoon, just as the Cabinet was on the point of separating, stating that peace was concluded at Peking on the 26th of October, and the ratifications exchanged.

On the 5th of November the allied forces evacuated Peking, and the Emperor was expected immediately to return to his capital.

Mr. DE PERSIGNY'S REFORMS.—Mr. De Persigny, since his return to the Home Office, has effected several reforms in that department. His attention has been directed to the manner in which the administration of the communes throughout France is conducted, and it is said that he is resolved as much as possible to introduce the principle of self-government among them. The local authorities will be permitted to adopt such measures as may appear most conducive to the interest of the inhabitants of the commune. This will be the first step towards an administrative decentralisation, which will be very popular in the provinces.

#### SCOTLAND.

SHOCKING AFFAIR IN GLASGOW.—On Thursday week a butler, named McMilligan, in the employment of Mr. Murray, of the Monkland Iron-works, cut the throat of his master's cook, and afterwards his own. He and the cook had frequently quarrelled, and on Thursday morning he became so enraged that he seized a large carving-knife, and aimed it at her throat. The girl avoided the stroke and ran out of the room down stairs to the scullery, whither the butler followed her, and, catching hold of her, he drew the sharp knife across her neck, inflicting a severe gash from behind her left ear to the front of her throat. He then ran into his own room, the door of which he locked, and made a deep gash with the carving-knife across his throat. He was secured, however, before he had injured himself fatally.

#### THE PROVINCES.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE AT BURY.—A young man named Lot Iverson Leather, a factory worker at Bury, attempted to murder a young woman named Jane Mooney, to whom he had previously attempted to pay his addresses. She had uniformly rejected all his advances; however, on Thursday week he offered her a present of a shawl at her lodgings in Baker's-row, Elton. She refused it, saying she would have nothing belonging to him. He then took out a pistol from one of his pockets, and fired it at her, the charge lodging in her neck. He afterwards tried to drown himself, then to hang himself, and after that cut his throat, before the police laid hold of him. He is likely to recover, but faint hopes are entertained of the girl's life.

WIFE MURDER IN LIVERPOOL.—A man named Newsham was tried on Monday at the Liverpool Assizes for the murder of his wife in Homer-street, Liverpool, on the 18th of September last. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner and his wife had lived together for some time on tolerably friendly terms. On the day of the occurrence in question there was a quarrel, when the deceased, being drunk, was heard to use very improper and provoking language, which irritated her husband. He stabbed her in the left side, the wound causing death. For the defence it was contended that there was no deliberate malice on the prisoner's part, and ultimately he was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

CASE FOR DEATH.—At the Stafford Assizes on Monday there was a capital conviction for murder. A man named Twigg murdered his wife in a drunken quarrel. Mr. Baron Wilde, in passing sentence of death, made this sad case a lesson of warning to those who abandon themselves to habits of intoxication. The prisoner was deeply affected by his position, and his son, after giving his evidence, implored the Judge to extend mercy to his father.

A COURAGEOUS JURY.—A jury before whom a letter-carrier named Bell was tried on Friday at the Liverpool Assizes, before Mr. Justice Keating, failed in coming to an agreement. As they had not agreed when the Court rose his Lordship adjourned the Court until half-past nine at night. At the appointed hour the jurymen were again brought into court, but still they had not agreed; and, the learned Judge having intimated that he had no alternative in a criminal case but to send them back to their room, they were marshalled out of court in the custody of a bailiff, not, however, before some of the jurymen had complained of being very hungry. They were locked up all night, and on Saturday morning they were a second time brought into court, and said they had not agreed, nor was there the slightest probability of their doing so. One of them said, "If we were kept for a month we should not agree." The Judge said, "I think you have been detained sufficiently long to ascertain the improbability of your agreeing. Under the circumstances I shall discharge you from giving your verdict. Let the prisoner be remanded."

SUFFERINGS OF A SHIP'S CREW.—The *Colony* was on a voyage from London to Sydney, New South Wales, and thence to Cork, via Calcutta. She sailed from the latter place on the 12th of July last, and made a quick run to near Cape Horn, where she had a long continuance of easterly winds and very thick weather, accompanied with snow. After rounding the Cape the weather continued unsettled and very dark. Under these circumstances the ship's course was altered to the eastward on the evening of the 15th of August, and a good look-out was kept. By the course steered and distance run from the last sights that could be depended upon, the master expected to be to the eastward of the Falklands on the morning of the 16th of August, but about two o'clock a.m. of that day the ship struck upon a sunken reef, and began to break up rapidly. Her long-boat was smashed before tackles could be put on her, but fortunately the jolly-boat was got over the side, into which the crew got, and, as the vessel fell over to the windward, she formed a kind of breakwater to the small boat, which remained by the wreck until daylight, and was then seen at about a distance of two miles, and eventually the small boat reached the shore, which turned out to be Speedwell Island, where the crew landed and were obliged to remain eleven days without any food except the wild fowl and boars which they managed to kill by stoning them. Several of the crew were severely frostbitten. Fortunately a box of matches was cast ashore from the wreck, which, after being dried by placing them next to the skins of some of the crew, a fire from seaweed and grass was kindled. After the weather moderated, the master and a number of the crew set out in the boat, and luckily fell in with a sailing schooner fifty miles from the scene of the disaster, which returned and took the remaining part of the *Colony's* crew off the island and landed them at Stanley, the English settlement of the Falkland Islands.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.—The manufacture of heavy Armstrong guns proceeds at so rapid a rate that we may hope to find two or three of the heaviest description of ordnance added to the armament of all our first and second class men-of-war and frigates before the end of next spring.

AN ENGLISH PRISONER IN TURKEY.—The *Lancet* writes:—"We beg to inform—or rather to remind, for they are already aware of it—our consular and judicial authorities that there is at this moment, and has been for the greater part of four years and a half, a natural-born subject of her Majesty in the Turkish bagnio, unconvicted of—nay more, uncharged with—any offence whatever. Not many days ago this startling fact came to our knowledge for the first time; and on Saturday last we penetrated into the teeming filth and wretchedness of this den of all the ruffianhood of the empire to ascertain the truth, or otherwise, of so seemingly incredible a story for ourselves. After fully an hour's search, aided by one of the 'warders' of the pandemonium itself, we found, not an Ionian, not a Maltese, not a Gibraltar, but a young sailor, whose tongue and name, John Walsh, at once proclaimed him as veritable a Milesian as ever danced at a wake. Poor fellow! His condition and appearance were but little suggestive of such lively associations. Thin, ragged, filth-begrimed, and chained to a Neapolitan fellow-prisoner with double fetters heavy enough to moor one of the corvettes which lay below in the Horn, mirth had long left his countenance, and was one of the last ideas which his appearance and the place would have summoned up in the mind of a spectator."

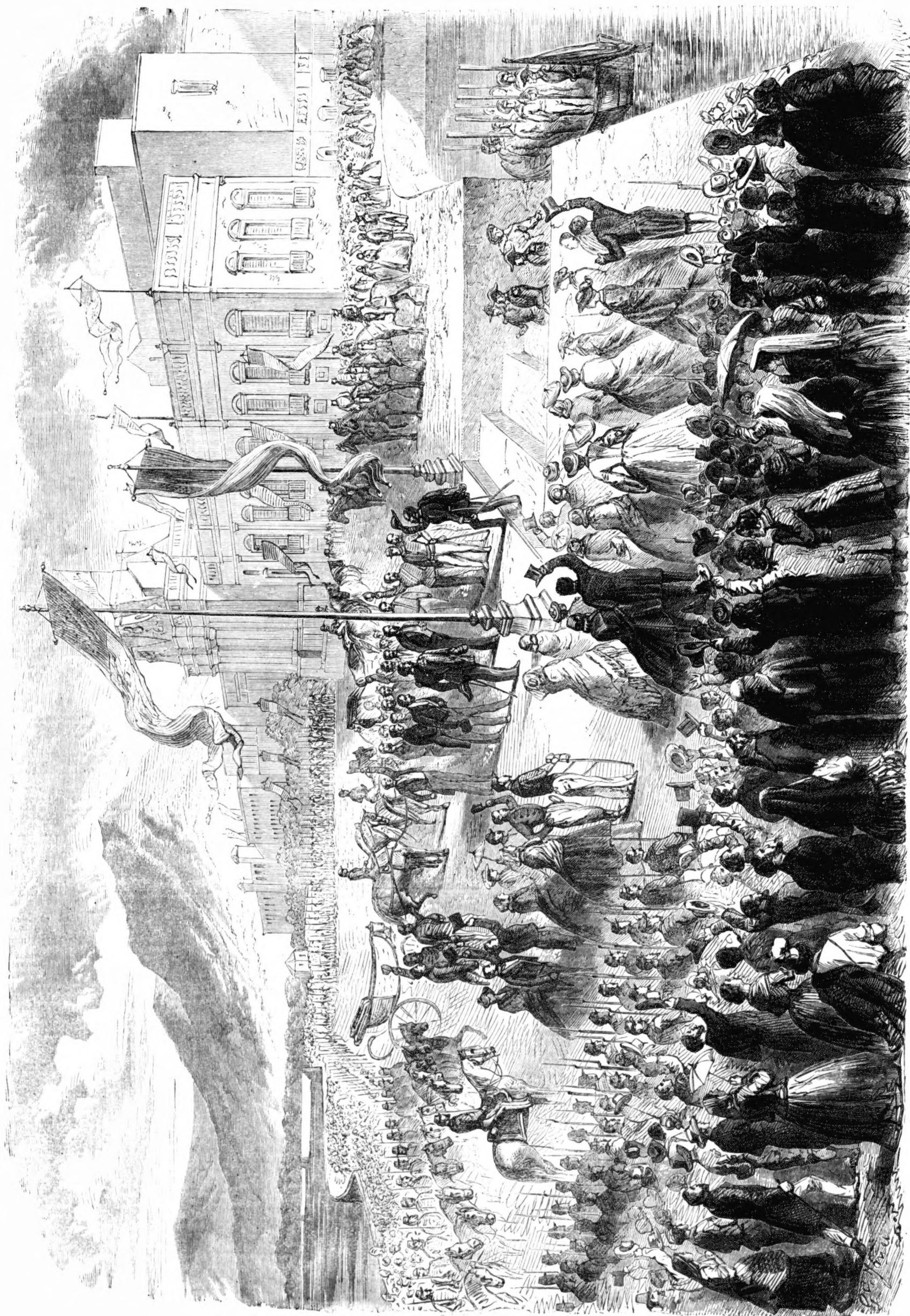
THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH NAVIES.—A correspondence has recently taken place between Mr. Baxter, M.P., and Mr. J. James Paton, of Montrose, respecting a statement made by the former gentleman that the number of persons employed in our Royal Navy is greater than the entire mercantile marine of France, both coasting and foreign. Mr. Baxter shows by figures taken from official documents that, while the number of men, this year in our Royal Navy is 81,000 persons, the number of persons employed in the mercantile marine of France is only 80,000. He further shows that in the French Imperial Navy there are only 30,000 able-bodied men, against 77,000 in the English Royal Navy; and in the French mercantile marine only 80,000 persons, against 240,000 in the English mercantile marine.

#### ARRIVAL OF VICTOR EMMANUEL AT NAPLES.

WHEN it was known at Palermo that the King had actually started from Naples on his visit to the former city, the utmost enthusiasm was manifested, and upon the news being telegraphed that the steam had been got up in the vessel which was to convey him, about 70,000 persons came in from the neighbourhood in order to receive the King.

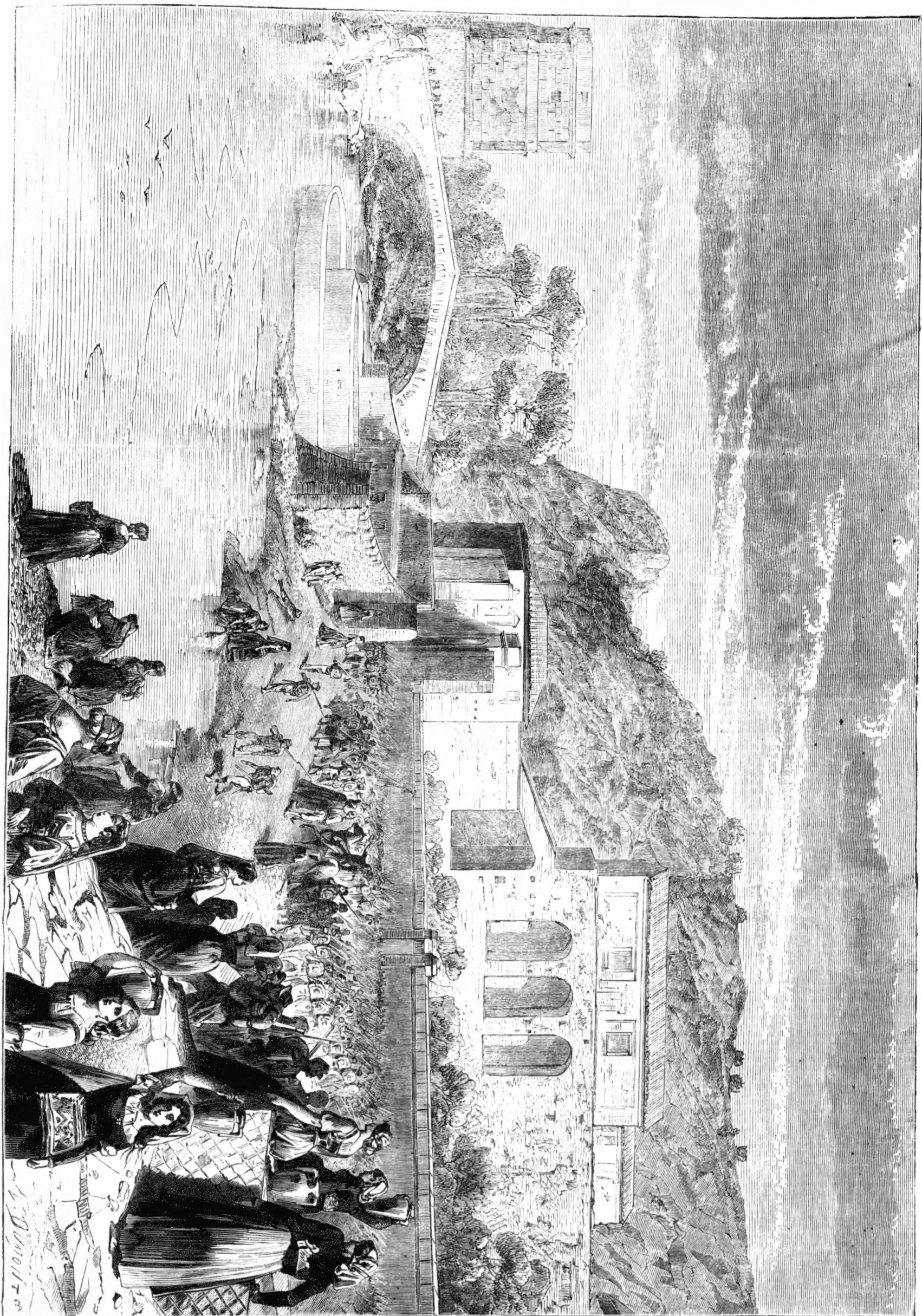
It was half-past one o'clock when his Majesty left Naples. The British vessels *Hannibal* and *Renown* and the dispatch-boat *Mohawk*, decorating and firing a salute as the *Victor Emmanuel*, commanded by Admiral Persano, with his Majesty on board, steamed out of the harbour. They arrived at Palermo at nine the next morning. As the Sicilians, under the great General, led the national spirit in the struggle for freedom, so now they seem the most staunch in their reception of that Monarch who represents to them the free constitutional government recommended by Garibaldi himself. The popular acceptance of the King as the Sovereign to whom they were at once willing to render loyal service was strikingly manifested immediately on his arrival at Palermo; and, although he could only command time for a short stay amongst them, the feeling with which they received him, and at once provided for such public ceremonies as would properly inaugurate their new monarchy, was evidence that they regarded the united establishment of a strong Government as the best hope for their future history. It must have been a great moment for the King when he left the vessel and ascended the steps of the harbour of that city—still bearing the marks of the great battle against despotism—to see the thousands assembled to welcome him as the chosen Monarch who shall restore to them both liberty and order.





ARRIVAL OF VICTOR EMMANUEL AT PALERMO — (FROM A SKETCH BY L. STANLEY.)





ENTRY OF FRENCH TROOPS INTO TERRACINA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY F. ANFAT.)



## FRENCH TROOPS ENTERING TERRACINA.

We had occasion last week to give an illustration of the Papal mansion at Terracina, and we are now able to present our readers with a representation of the entry of the French troops into the town. That they should persist into its occupation is a fact likely to prolong the siege of Gaeta for a still greater period, since Terracina itself is situated so as to enable any garrison holding it, not only to communicate with the beleaguered town, but also to command the road from Rome to Naples. Having refused to permit a neutral or mixed garrison to take possession of the place, and still holding the blockade on the sea near Gaeta, the French have already placed considerable difficulties in the way of the Piedmontese troops, and have rendered the ultimate reduction of the Neapolitan stronghold, a work of much greater difficulty.

## POLITICIANS IN THE PROVINCES.

MR. GILPIN AND REFORM.

It has been publicly stated that there is to be no Reform Bill next Session. Mr. Gilpin, Secretary to the Poor Law Board, in a speech to his constituents at Northampton, undertakes to contradict this:—

He announced that, although he was emphatically not of the Cabinet, and could know nothing definitely of their plans, yet he had every reason to believe, speaking by permission, but not on authority, that it was the intention of Lord John Russell to introduce into Parliament, in the ensuing Session, a Reform Bill, similar in its general provisions to that of last Session, but with some modifications. The failure of the last bill was attributed to want of earnestness, both in and out of the House; but it was a positive fact that there was a strong desire on the part of the people of England for a Reform Bill, and it was considered most advantageous to discuss it while the minds of men were calm enough on the subject to give it an impartial and unprejudiced consideration. He called on the people to send in petitions by the thousands to the House of Commons on the subject.

MR. WHITE, M.P.

Mr. White, M.P. for Brighton, attended a meeting of the electors and non-electors of Plymouth yesterday week for the purpose of thanking publicly those gentlemen who had subscribed to the handsome testimonial which had been presented to him at the time that he lost his seat for Plymouth. Mr. White made a speech upon the occasion. He denounced the extravagance of our public expenditure, and compared it with that of the United States, a country possessing about an equal amount of population. He condemned as pusillanimous the conduct of the House of Commons on the recent aggression of the Lords in connection with the paper duty; insisted on the hostile attitude assumed by the Court, as manifested in the Prince Consort's speech when he presided over the Centenary of the Guards; argued for the introduction of a Reform Bill next Session; endeavoured to show a disproportionate amount of taxation contributed by the working classes; and concluded by alluding in terms of congratulation to the progress of liberty in Italy and other countries on the Continent.

## OVERCROWDED DWELLINGS.

A LETTER in the *Times* by Mr. James Harvey, Chairman of the West London Union, contains new and painful facts relating to the fearfully overcrowded state of the dwellings of the poor:—

Some time since the relieving-officer and one of the guardians of the West London Union visited Plumtree-court, Holborn, which contains 27 houses without back yards, and with few exceptions, without back lights. These houses were occupied by 676 men, women, and children. In one room 10ft. by 13ft., and 8ft. 6in. high, there were 13 persons living and sleeping—viz., 2 men, 5 women, and 6 children. In another house, 17ft. long and 16ft. wide (including the passage), with ground floor, first floor, and attic, there were 69 persons living and sleeping, with only one convenience in the basement. On another occasion, when our relieving-officer visited a house in this court, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, for the apprehension of a man who had deserted his wife, in attempting to go into one room he was compelled to wait until the inmates had risen from the floor behind the door, so that the door could be opened. The people lay so thick on the floor that he had to be cautious in stepping between them. In this room there was one child suffering from the measles and another from the smallpox. On opening the door the stench was so great that the police-officer who accompanied him was obliged to withdraw. From this court alone the parish has had to pay extra fees to the medical officer for the confinement of an incredible number of young women and "widows" of illegitimate children. The cases continually being brought before our board of once-respectable women who have fallen under such conditions are truly heartrending, and form one of the greatest difficulties with which boards of guardians have to deal.

A house in Holborn-buildings, 18 feet deep and 18 feet wide (including the passage), was visited last week, and was then occupied as follows:—Attic, seven women; first floor front, five women; ditto, back room, four men; in all twenty-five persons, paying 1s. 6d. each per week—equal to £37 10s. per annum. The house is rated to the poor at £15 per annum! A short time since a respectable married woman, with an infant nine months old, who had been deserted by her husband, lodged in this house for five weeks, paying 1s. 6d. per week for half a bed with a perfect stranger. She was then obliged to come into the workhouse. The respectable poor, in their distress, are thrust into these dens of demoralisation because there are not dwellings within the reach of their means.

In Plough-court, Fetter-lane (a blind court), containing thirty-eight houses, at the taking of the Census of 1851, nearly 2000 people were living and sleeping, giving an average of nearly forty persons to each house.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD.—A letter from Melbourne mentions that a solid cake of gold, worth £9500, the produce of the crushings of only ten tons of quartz from a reef near Inglewood—a locality scarcely known twelve months ago—had been sold to the Bank of New South Wales. This bank had also purchased at Sandhurst a cake weighing 501 ounces, the produce of 35 tons of quartz; and it is affirmed that the same reef will produce £30,000 a year for many years to come.

DAMAGES FOR RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—Several actions against railway companies, for damages, have been decided within the last few days. In one case the plaintiff was a commercial traveller, at a salary of £275 per annum, which it was stated in evidence "was to have been raised next year to £300." To this unfortunate gentleman the result of a railway collision was that he was laid up for months at a watering-place, condemned to absolute repose, and to warm salt-water baths. It was the opinion of his medical witnesses that he would probably be unable to resume his business as a commercial traveller; and though, on the other side, it was suggested that his symptoms were exaggerated, the latest testimony of the surgeon who examined him while the trial was actually going on was to the effect that he had really sustained serious injury. The jury gave him damages, £2000.—In another case it appeared that the plaintiff was a corn and flour factor, "thriving in business" (after a period of ill success), and latterly "paying income tax upon £600 a year." Evidence was given that the plaintiff had sustained injury in his brain and nervous system; that his memory was weakened, and his eyesight impaired. On the other hand, a surgical opinion was produced, that the "ultimate recovery" of the plaintiff was "more than probable." The jury found for the plaintiff—damages, £1200.—A man who was at one time "foreman shunter" on the Eastern Counties Railway has recovered £500 from the Great Northern Company for an accident which necessitated the amputation of a leg.

LEGAL REFORMS IN ITALY.—Count Cavour thus replies to a letter by Mr. Edwin James recommending Habeas Corpus and police magistrates for Italy:—"I hasten to thank you for the letter in which you have suggested to me the introduction of the law of Habeas Corpus into the system of Italian legislation. I am fully aware of the importance of that guarantee of individual liberty, and I beg to assure you that we have already made great advances in that direction. According to the present state of our law every prisoner must within twenty-four hours be examined by some judicial authority, who, in pursuance of by no means arbitrary rules, either orders the immediate discharge of the accused, with or without bail, or continues his arrest, at the same time taking steps for placing him at once on his trial. Every illegal arrest, duly proved, subjects the functionary who shall have caused it to inquiry and punishment. At the same time, I quite acknowledge that the direct judicial action given by the law of Habeas Corpus to persons illegally arrested assures more completely the liberty of the individual. I will at once bring the subject under the notice of my colleague, the Keeper of the Seals, within whose special province are all questions of penal legislation; and I have no doubt that he will propose to the Parliament to approximate as nearly as possible to the law of England in the matter. My colleague, Minghetti, is preparing a law which will confer most complete self-government on all the provinces and communes. In this matter, also, it is our endeavour to accomplish by other means the same results which England, the classical mother of all liberty, has already achieved."

## ILLUSTRATED PRESENT-BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

*Paradise and the Peri.* By THOMAS MOORE. Illuminated by Owen Jones and Henry Warren. London: Day and Son.

*Lalla Rookh.* By THOMAS MOORE. Illustrated by John Tenniel and T. Sulman. London: Longman and Co.

*Quarles' Emblems.* Illustrated by C. J. Bennett and W. H. Rogers. London: Nisbet and Co.

*The Pilgrim's Progress.* By JOHN BUNYAN. A New Edition. With Memoir and Notes by George Offor, and One Hundred and Ten Designs by J. D. Watson. London: Routledge and Co.

*Poems,* by ELIZA COOK, Selected and Edited by the Author. London: Routledge and Co.

*The Art-Album.* Facsimiles of Water-colour Drawings by Cattermole, Cooper, Daney, &c. London: Kent and Co.

*Three Gems in One Setting.* London: Kent and Co.

*Expositions of the Cartoons of Raphael.* By R. H. SMITH, jun. Illustrated by Photographs by Negretti and Zambra. London: Nisbet and Co.

*Agatha: a Fanciful Flight for a Gusty Night.* By GEORGE HALSE. Illustrated by H. K. Browne. London: Harrison.

The strange figures 1861 at the foot of the titlepages of the new books now publishing will remind the generously-disposed of the approaching "festive season," when friends, brothers, and sisters, and even that almost extinct race, uncles and aunts, give practical expression to their fond remembrances, in the shape of something solid. When the house was burnt down the Currier family believed there was nothing like leather to rebuild it. Rowland and Son indulge in the idea that hair-oil is the best evidence of affection; Mary Wedlake would see the propriety of Edwin presenting to Angelina a machine for bruising her oars; and on a similar principle we consistently recommend literature as a most sensible means of complying with a popular and graceful custom of the season. A few books on our table appear to be well calculated to suit the occasion.

*Place aux dames* can only be given under circumstances when the *dames* are there to receive the *places*. As gallantry is, in the present case, impossible, no ladies having exerted themselves in the field of the cloth of gold and gilt edges, it is necessary to fall back upon another standard of precedence, and take the biggest book we can find to introduce the rest. "*Paradise and the Peri*," by Thomas Moore, has been selected as the scapegoat whereupon to hang an awful amount of guilt. (In a kindly season old-fashioned puns turn up with impunity.) It is impossible to think the best of a poet's fame when people who are not poets thrive on shrouding him with ornament. Poetry and Ornament may be called sister arts; but many family people, even sisters, have been known to get on all the better for a little judicious separation. Mr. Owen Jones and Mr. Henry Warren are deservedly recognised as the most cultivated professors of the ornamenting art, in architecture and literature. In the present work every other art is made subservient to it. Thomas Moore's poems in this form is unreadable. The eye is bewildered with the most gorgeous display of foliage and arabesque, in gold and colours. Such splendid patterns have never before met the eye; never before has such good poetry been disregarded; never before have realities been put upon paper so finely; never before have such graceful similes as those of the very poet of similes been disregarded. These illuminations are impossible, as subjects of description, in print; but they will strike every eye that roams over the crowd of elegant books. They are marvels of ornamental taste and culture. The late Mr. A. Beckett's "*Circles likely to be misinformed*" promise us a severe and dry winter. Dry or moist, it is easy to see that on our pavement we shall find many copies, in linen and needlework, of these very beautiful border-pattern designs of Messrs. Owen Jones and Henry Warren. But whilst these patterns are on the flagstones, surrounding fairy Adelaide boots, it is to be feared that poor Thomas Moore will be pushed to the wall. However, almost everybody possesses "*Paradise and the Peri*" in a readable form; and all to whom ornamental literature appeals will be glad to find a favourite honoured by the best hands of the craft.

More important is Thomas Moore again: a time "*Lalla Rookh*," illustrated by John Tenniel, &c. This is a remarkably handsome and solid volume, gifted with all the beauties that the printing-press of Mr. Clay can supply. A few words about the letterpress? No; they would be fifty years too late. But Mr. Tenniel's pictures? Whoever disagrees with them must be a wretched person who has studied Moore to distraction; or who has lived in the East until he ought to be superannuated, and forget all about "*the Shining Orient*" for ever and ever. Eastern or non-Eastern, they are admirably drawn and engraved. They invariably give the idea of another clime: the idea of "warmth, and light, and blues," as Mr. Browning says. Here Moore can be read with pechalike magnificence; and the eye can rest on Araby's daughter after reading his glowing description. Hinda and Nourmahal must have been lovely beings: at least so draws Mr. Tenniel, so engraves Mr. Dalziel. As an illustration of Moore this volume is greatly to be preferred to the "*Irish Melodies*" of Mr. Macleise—hard Germanic pictures, unnatural to gods and men. Mr. Tenniel might really tempt one to turn over the pages of—shall we say *Tupper*? Yet he does strange things. The head of the veiled prophet (p. 1) is a turnip-lantern; Hinda (p. 274) is achieving an impossible drowning; and Selim (p. 315) must inevitably turn an unpremeditated somersault off the unsupported sofa-cushion.

The next work that claims our attention is a splendid edition of "*Quarles' Emblems*," illustrated by C. H. Bennett and Harry Rogers. As may be presumed, it is with reference to the illustrations only that any observations are necessary. They are startling, quaintly bordered, forming circular pictures of infinite grace and felicitous execution. But, alas for the painter's invention! he has in too frequent instances drawn—and skilfully drawn—on paper the very similes that Francis Quarles wrote upon paper. Most of the illustrations are literal; and this, which with many authors would be an impossibility, is occasionally ludicrous when applied to Quarles, who is himself so literal in his illustrations. In illustration of Emblem 10, for instance, we have a picture of Cupid and Mammon bowing away with veritable bows "*of the period*;" and had there been sufficient space, "*the world*" that's "*the Jack*" would have been ornamented by Mr. Bennett with little maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. To Emblem 11 a couple of cattle are dragging the world along bodily; and to Emblem 12, in

Be thy lips screwed so fast  
To the earth's full breast,

a display of enticing maternity is made that we cannot venture to describe more fully. These literalisms are not the highest things in Art, nor are they the highest things that Mr. Bennett had no, or that he can do. The simple point is that, if Quarles requires illustrations, it should be by means of something not in Quarles. As it is, the most prosaic reader would be certain to recognize any simple emblem from the picture.

The new edition of "*The Pilgrim's Progress*" follows a law of nature—that riches produce riches. A year or two since a loyalty-stricken gentleman died bequeathing a quarter of a million sterling to the Queen. De Grey honours fall upon Ripon. Talbot and Shrewsbury are united. Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is—speaking, perhaps, only near the mark—the best read work ever written in our language. What is the inference? Surely, that straw paper, battered type, and muddy ink would be sufficient to make any edition "*go off*," as the booksellers say, with a rush. How it sold when only adorned with the portrait of the author as he appeared falling asleep with his head on his left shoulder, something like the venerable Mr. Punch, in the show of that name! It would have sold without it: it never can help selling. And yet this book, illustrated constantly as it has been for some years past, comes before us again with fresh claims, and claims better than any that we remember.

The art of handsome bookmaking has increased since Mr. Harvey's days. A few years ago people would have been incredulous as to the possibility of producing so splendid a volume as this. The cover alone is

a work of high art—mauve and red, with wonderful inlaying, embossing, and gilding. In the contents Mr. Watson's pictures, of course, are the chief attractions for our purpose; they are at least as good as any marvels of wood-engraving that have yet appeared. The Messrs. Dalziel really seem to have brought this art to perfection, and, were it not for many instances of things being better than the best, we should say that these engravings are the best possible. Mr. Watson's drawings are admirable. The "*Birthplace of Bunyan*" is a perfect little landscape that carries with it an assured firmness, and has the temerity to strike the gazer with all the solemnity of a big landscape. "*The Gao!—Bunyan Asleep*," is a fine specimen; it has fully the effect of one of Rembrandt's etchings, its tone and depth being very similar. But a hundred and ten pictures cannot be described here. They will be eagerly pored over by countless eyes that will light up with joy at the honours paid to their favourite "*Pilgrim's Progress*."

"*Poems, by Eliza Cook*," is a work of the true present-making type—one of those magnificent works which, lying on the drawing-room table, would take away the breath of our cousins from the country or our broad-skirted friends who have come up on matters concerning short-horns, Herefords, or Southdowns. Miss Cook is a thorough poet of the people, and has made her name known and respected in quarters where Mrs. Barrett Browning is never likely to penetrate. It is good that there should be all kinds of poetry—good, even, that every human being should write a little poetry, as the process may teach them to feel it; and it is good, also, that some strictly limited few should publish poetry. Should any one object to Eliza Cook's poetical labours that they are not sufficiently elevated in tone, the reply shall be that it is wise to abandon the stilts occasionally—it is so easy to fall—and practice a little lowliness on the earth. Perhaps the authoress has practised this policy too much. It is not pleasant to find an "*Old Straw Hat*" pulled to pieces, and cut into measured lengths. How far superior are such poems as the "*Hempeed*" and the "*Seaweed*" to sentiment impossible to be really felt, about worn-out attire only fit for the mill, and dislocated furniture that neither men nor gods could sit upon with safety. The illustrations to this book remind us that everything cannot be good. Some of these sketches are bad; one or two are absolutely mad. The majority, however, are beautiful pictures. The readers will look at page 402, and admire Mr. Harrison Weir's wonderful bit of nature—"The Rabbits in the Fern." It is all alive; the grass moves; you can see the moisture on the rabbit's nose. "*The Rooks sit high*" is another admirable drawing by the same artist. We know not who is responsible for "*The Suit of Russet Brown*," a handsome, poetic, young gentleman in hobnails and worsted stockings, apparently breaking his heart for the sake of an unobtainable young lady who is of a shade higher degree. It is very nicely executed, but it is a simple plagiarism from the oft-repeated productions of Mr. Frank Stone. With hearty praise for the wintry tone of the sketch "*Winter's Wild Flowers*," this brief recommendation of "*Eliza Cook's Poems*" may be closed.

"*The Art-Album*" is a collection of facsimiles of water-colour drawings by Cattermole, Sidney Cooper, &c. These are printed in colours; and all students of art know what may be done in that branch. A brilliancy of tint is secured, but perfection of light and shade cannot be achieved. A certain hardness of outline is inevitable. The drawings are invariably graceful; as specimens of colour-printing at the type press these are unsurpassed; but such efforts must, for a time, be regarded as clever curiosities rather than as solid works from gifted men. They will be found pleasing to the eyes of the majority, and be looked upon with wonder by the scientific. For the cheap diffusion of really well-coloured sketches they must be admitted as miracles of taste, with the simple reservation of "*under the circumstances*." The only fault that we care to mention is that they are usually too bright and glaring. The poetic accompaniments are, with two or three exceptions, anonymous. This may be poetic modesty. No slight, we trust, to poetry.

A volume of singular grace is entitled, quaintly, "*Three Gems in One Setting*." "*A. L. Bond*" is the jeweller of the book. A cover of quiet magnificence, centred with a winter sketch delicate as if painted by fairy fingers upon lily-petals, incloses three fine English poems—"The Poet's Song," by Tennyson; "*Field Flowers*," by Campbell; and "*The Pilgrim Fathers*," by Mrs. Hemans. Unfortunately the illuminations that accompany them are of far from the highest order of excellence. The artist has boldly defied a modern and ancient rule. He has not gone to Nature for the subjects of his borders, but has filled them with medieval flowers, such as we find on armorial bearings or painted windows. The effect is curious, and may be in keeping with this peculiar branch of art. Still, considering the rapid strides that have been made of late years in this style of artistic decoration, one would have preferred a less conventional mode of treatment.

Perfect in appearance as any of the finest books just published is an "*Exposition of the Cartoons of Raphael*," by Richard Henry Smith, jun. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have taken some admirable photographs from the originals, and these are of the greatest use, as Mr. Smith in his "*Exposition*" is minute in references. Indeed, to follow the text a glass will occasionally be found necessary; but in these days, when photography and stereoscopes are the reigning manias, a glass may be found in every house. Mr. Smith does not come before the public in the spirit of a showman. Rather as a labour of love have the pictures been made the subject of comment. Residing at Hampton, and naturally haunting the galleries (despite the old saying that Londoners never see St. Paul's), Mr. Smith found his attention and interest fascinated by the celebrated and almost avoided Cartoons. He studied the people who studied them, and, being puzzled by the evident preferences and dislikes, he sought the Scriptures, and he sought Raphael himself. We have no doubt that the few pages of Mr. Smith's book will go far to revive the fallen taste for the Cartoons. They are in a badly-placed room, in a bad light; and pictures in their condition cannot afford such attractions. The writer is enthusiastic in the extreme, and rebukes the little objections taken by the over-righteous to the Romanist touches that make the charitable Protestant retreat with horror. His views are more closely allied to religion than to art *per se*. Hazlett's criticisms are widely different in kind. He is more enthusiastic on the painter's marvellous art than on the emotions which the subjects themselves are calculated to awaken; and yet, probably, neither writer would disagree with the other. The present book may confidently be recommended as one likely to be revered by all. The photographs are exceedingly good, and, as Mr. Smith avers, they more than once improve upon the originals, from the rich and peculiar tone which would have been unsuitable to tapestry. In "*The Charge to Peter*," for instance, the figure of the Saviour looks as it should—more like a Presence than a bodily reality.

Mr. Harrison, of Pall-mall, publishes a Christmas story called "*Agatha: a Fanciful Flight for a Gusty Night*," by Mr. George Halse, and illustrated by Mr. Hablot K. Browne. This is indeed a "*flight*," and occasionally its construction becomes as incomprehensible as "*Faust*," "*Festus*," or "*The Golden Legend*." Fairies and spirits become familiar in these pages; and dreams are so intensified that, even after a careful reading, it is difficult to know whether they be not intended for real waking realities. One dreamer has lost a sister; another dreamer has lost a wife, Agatha being the mutual lost one. Through a dream she is found, and human good is done. The machinery, it must be confessed, is very vague. Mr. Halse's style, however, his poetic poetry and his poetic prose, carry the reader through with ease and pleasure, and brief life-like touches of humorous dialogue lend their aid, and show that the author is not a mere dreamer, but a thoughtful observer with deep sympathies. Mr. Browne's illustrations, on steel and wood, are of a far better and more thoughtful cast than those with which he favours the shilling-monthly public.

We have, surely, described sufficient reading to make every house as quiet as a conscience should be. At all events, there need not be any noise, even during the holidays.

THE CHARGE AGAINST A PERSON NAMED CHAPMAN of having fraudulently obtained a large sum of money by the sale of a living has ended with the discharge of the prisoner.



## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE late Earl of Aberdeen was a man whom everybody ought to admire, for there was vitality and growth in him. In some men there is no growth, George Bentinck, for example, and a host of others who might be named. But the Earl of Aberdeen was different. Like the late Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone, he was always learning; always had his mind open to receive fresh light, and kept it plastic and expansive to the influences of the growing age. He began life as a Tory of the old school, was a supporter of the Holy Alliance in its day, an opponent of all reform, a Protectionist; in short, a Tory; but he lived to renounce or materially modify most of his opinions, and when he died, if he was not quite abreast of his times, he was very nearly so. It is a charge against such men as Peel and Gladstone and Aberdeen that they are always changing; but it is a foolish accusation. Every healthy soul grows, and, if it grows, of course it changes. The Earl of Aberdeen, if not a great man, must have been an able one; and when History shall proceed to post up the nineteenth century, and accord to every statesman his proper place, I have no doubt that she will select a very respectable niche in her pantheon for the Earl of Aberdeen. The late Earl was rather above the middle height. In figure he was thin, and lately age had somewhat bowed him down; but a few years ago he was erect and somewhat noble in his bearing. As a speaker he was not what one would call eloquent. He was grave, slow, and somewhat formal, but he always commanded the attention of the House, for the reason that he had always something important to say. By the death of the Earl another change in the House of Commons is added to the long list of changes which have occurred since the prorogation; for Lord Haddo, who succeeds to the peerage, was member for Aberdeenshire.

The new Earl of Aberdeen is altogether different from his father. Indeed, it is hardly possible to conceive a wider difference. The late Earl was in his day strong and healthy. The present Earl is so weak and ill that it seems to be painful for him to move about. He has been in Parliament since 1854; he has, however, attended the House but fitfully of late, and when he did come it was generally only to protect his vote with a pair, and then to hurry away. What he is mentally may be judged from that motion of his upon drawing from the nude figure which he has pressed upon the attention of the House for several Sessions, to its infinite disgust. The new Earl is, doubtless, a very estimable person, but he is unquestionably a weak man—"weak, but worthy." Who will be his successor I have not heard; but it will be a Gordon we may be sure, for none but Gordons have represented this pocket constituency for thirty years.

As the present Duke of Norfolk is a minor there is some difficulty as to who shall hold the hereditary office of Earl Marshal until he shall come of age. Report says that Lord Edward Howard will be made a Peer, and receive the bâton *pro tempore*. Lord Edward is a member for Arundel, and the only Roman Catholic representing an English constituency. Disraeli said in the speech with which he introduced the Derby Reform Bill that Arundel was the only English borough which returned a Roman Catholic; but this was not a correct way of putting it, for the people of Arundel have very little to do with the return. The Duke of Norfolk sends the man, and they elect him as a matter of course. An election at Arundel is merely a registration of the decree from the Castle which overshadows the town. "A matter of form, and not of substance." It is possible that Lord Edward may object to take a peerage, for he is not rich, and a peerage without the means to support it is an honour seldom coveted.

The *Press* of last week formally contradicts the report that Lord Robert Montagu was appointed Chief Whip to the Conservative party, vice Sir William Jolliffe, resigned; but there was little necessity for this contradiction, as nobody who knows anything about such matters believed the report for a moment. The chief whip of such a party must be a man of experience and sagacity, and one who has the confidence of the party. And I will venture to say that the leaders of the Conservatives would no more think of selecting Lord Robert to manage their affairs than they would think of giving him the command of the Channel Fleet. Besides, does any one imagine that Colonel Taylor would serve under Lord Robert? The notion is ridiculous. Colonel Taylor is member for Dublin county, and a man of property and position, and has, moreover, for several years past performed the duties of chief whip, though he did not nominally hold the office. It is not, therefore, at all likely that he would submit to have Lord Robert placed over him. I suspect that Colonel Taylor himself will take Sir William's place.

The plans deposited in the private-bill office on the 30th of November amount to the extraordinary number of 304. Of these, 247 are for railways; and of these new railways England asks for 172, Wales 28, Scotland 25, and Ireland 22. For London alone there are about 20 plans deposited. These 304 bills do not exhaust the private business; they are only the bills to which plans are annexed. The total number of private bills will probably be over 400, against about 250 last year. This amount of private bills shows that, notwithstanding the high rate of discount, money is plentiful. By the rules of the House all plans must be deposited at the private-bill office, and with certain local authorities, on or before November 30. The 30th of November is therefore a busy day with the railway men, for, unless the plans of a bill are deposited before the clock strikes twelve a.m., the standing orders are not complied with, and the bill is lost. It cost one company £150 this year for a special train to take down the plans into the country to deposit them in time. In 1846, the railway and panic year, 270 railway Acts were passed. A vast proportion of these lines, though, were never made, and, perhaps, almost as many lines will be authorised this year as were actually made under the powers given in 1846. Every year, for several years past, it has been thought railway making in the United Kingdom must come to an end, but it seems to have no end. Up to 1858 no less a sum than £308,824,851 had been invested in these speculations.

During the whole of last week a ghastly rumour prevailed that the treatment of the Englishmen taken prisoners by the Chinese had been far worse than we had at first anticipated; that the deaths of Lieut. Anderson and Mr. De Norman had been caused by this excess of cruelty, and that even those who had returned had been mutilated in the most horrible manner. From the despatches published on Monday morning we learn that, though the statement regarding Messrs. Anderson and De Norman was, unhappily, correct, there is every hope that Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch, now safe with their friends, will recover from the stripes, imprisonment, and ignominy which they received; but it seems almost hoping against hope to believe that we shall ever again see Capt. Brabazon or Mr. Bowly. This is, we believe, the first occasion on which the last-named gentleman has ever gone out as regular "special correspondent;" although he had formerly been a *Times* emissary to Egypt and Constantinople. He was originally a London solicitor, and his graphic pen was not brought into requisition until somewhat late in life. Of the admirable manner in which he has discharged his duties the public have been able to judge; and, should he be spared, there is no doubt that he will make for himself a literary reputation by his narrative of the adventures he has experienced. Very few have had such a chance.

Last week the Cattle Show held its annual saturnalia, and Biker-street, hallowed as the butt for cynic wit, was almost impassable, owing to the blockade of cabs and omnibuses, and the gatherings of broad-shouldered yeomen, who bulged over the pavement and into the shops, ignored the "rule of the road" and brought locomotion to a standstill. The statistics of the Smithfield Club show that the second day (Wednesday) was more numerously attended than any previous show-day for years, though the omnibus-men on the line of route have declared that the number of visitors carried by them has much decreased this year. The show itself was decidedly not so good as usual—His Royal Highness has fallen off in his stock; the Duke of Richmond, President of the Club and a great exhibitor, is dead; and Mr. Biglen, the great sheep-breeder, only achieved a second class. At the same period a grand Poultry Show was held in the Crystal Palace, which was well attended by the agriculturists on the "off days" of the Cattle Show.

There were 1410 pens of poultry, including many new and rare varieties, and there was also a team of Lilliputian horses, of very small size and great intelligence and agility.

A recent trial (Mayhew v. Maxwell) and the decision of the Vice-Chancellor thereupon, shows the actual state of the Copyright Act as recognised by the law. A writer publishing an article in a periodical parts with his copyright for twenty-eight years; but no one gains it. The writer cannot republish the article, nor can the proprietor of the periodical: it is useless to every one for twenty-eight years! by the end of which time there would probably be a difficulty in finding publishers for most of our periodical articles. Seldom, however, is there a practical inconvenience in this last, for publishers and authors now understand each other so well that the right of republication is generally conceded by the former, notably by Mr. Dickens, as the titlespages of the works of Messrs. Sala, Hollingshead, Thornbury, &c., will prove.

A charge of plagiarism brought the other day by Mr. Samuel Bailey, author of "Essays on the Formation of Opinions," against Mr. Smiles, the well-known author of "Self-help," and supported by the quotation of parallel passages, astonished the literary world; but it was at once felt from Mr. Smiles's position and antecedents that the similarity must have been the result of coincidence. In a letter to the *Athenæum*, Mr. Smiles explains his omission to use inverted commas for the purpose of marking quotations. The book was at first written in the lecture form, and without any view to publication, and hence the omission.

Some time since we announced the intended establishment of a new penny daily paper by Mr. Stiff, the proprietor of the *Weekly Times* and *London Journal*. A similar attempt is, we understand, about to be shortly made by another proprietor. One of the neophytes is about to be placed under the editorial guidance of Mr. Russell, for many years editor of the *Scotsman*. Our old friend the *Leader*, so dashing some ten years ago, when Messrs. Thornton Hunt, Edward Whitty, Pigott, St. John, &c., wrote its leaders, and when Mr. G. H. Lewes contributed those extraordinary essays upon theatricals, under the nom de plume of "Vivian"—has, after a protracted struggle, ceased to have a separate existence, and is merged into the respectable columns of the *London Review*.

The future editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, vacant by the death of Mr. John Parker, jun., will, it is understood, be undertaken by Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian.

Rumours are rife concerning the contents of the forthcoming magazines, and, if they be correct, surely no year began so auspiciously for periodical readers as 1861. The *Cornhill's* *pièce de résistance* will be Mr. Thackeray's new novel of "The Adventures of Philip." The author opens his story with a scene between Arthur Pendennis, Mrs. Pendennis, and Major Pendennis. The narrator of the whole history is Arthur Pendennis, and the hero Philip is the unloved son of Dr. Firmin, a celebrated physician of Old Parr-street, and friend of the omnipresent Pendennis at Greyfriars school. The story will be illustrated by the author. The *Cornhill* will also contain two articles on the state of the Navy, one of them by Admiral Elliott; a sketch of the character and exploits of Sir James Outram; a paper called "The Parochial Mind," by Mr. Hollingshead; and another, "A Portrait of a Russian Gentleman," by Mr. Sutherland Edwards. The January number of *Temple Bar* will contain three articles by the editor, Mr. G. A. Sala—a paper reviewing the events of the past year, entitled "Annus Mirabilis, 1860;" a continuation of the "Travels in Middlesex;" and three chapters of a new serial romance, called "The Seven Sons of Mammon." The sub-titles of these three chapters—"What Came out of a Court in the City," "The Twenty-seventh of December," "The Return of the First-born"—are not very suggestive, but we are given to understand that the action of the tale is laid in the present day, and that it is full of stirring life, with a slight infusion of the melodramatic element. The January number of *Temple Bar* will also contain a paper by Professor Ansted, on colliery explosions, entitled "What Our Coal Costs Us," a scientific and semi-theological treatise on "Light," an essay on "Pantomimes," by Mr. Charles Kenney, son of the celebrated dramatist, and a description of a visit to the Field-lane Refuge for the "Houseless Poor."

*Macmillan* promises a new novel by Mr. Henry Kingsley, and a poem and a paper on Sheridan's biographers by Mrs. Norton. *Fraser* advertises a new novel by Mr. Whyte Melville; and even old *Bentley's Miscellany* wakes up into the general mêlée, and starts the veteran Mr. Ainsworth with an historical story called "The Constable of the Tower," with chapters headed in his old style—"how" everybody did everything.

That clever, caustic, unforgiving old gentleman, Mr. Savage Landon, seems to have returned to his old limes. The following advertisement, quoted from our contemporary, the *Critic*, tells its own tale.

FIFTY POUNDS REWARD.—Whereas in August, 1859, a verdict was given against Mr. Walter Savage Landon, with £1000 damages in an action against him in the Court of Common Pleas, at Westminster, for libelling a lady of Bath; and whereas, after the institution of the suit, and immediately before the trial, the said Walter Savage Landon departed from Bath and went to Florence, beyond the jurisdiction of the Courts of England, and he has recently republished the same libels, with others of a like character, against a clergyman of Bath. The pamphlet is headed "Mr. Landon's Remarks on his Trial for Libel;" but it bears no printer's name: Now a reward of £50 will be paid to any one who shall, within six months from this date, give to the undersigned information and evidence of the printing and publishing, in England, of the same pamphlet, by any person or persons residing or carrying on business within the jurisdiction of the English courts; such reward to be paid on the conviction of the offender or offenders, and on application to Messrs. Slack and Simmons, Solicitors, Bath.

Mr. Mason Jones, the Irish orator, has been spending his autumnal vacation in Italy, has made the acquaintance of Garibaldi, and has worked his experiences into a very volcanic "oration," full of blood and thunder and excitement, which he has delivered in London. Mr. Jones, greatly admiring Garibaldi, has like-wise a good word for Mazzini, but dislikes Victor Emmanuel, and has nothing but the very strongest terms of opprobrium for the Emperor Napoleon, against whom he "orated" in good, set terms.

Marvellous Mr. E. T. Smith has just launched a new enterprise, which promises to succeed as well as everything he lays his Midaslike hand on. The Alhambra, in Leicester-square, originally a scientific show, then a circus, has now been metamorphosed into a gigantic sing-song on the Canterbury Hall principle, where Bellini and broiled bones, Rossini and roasted potatoes, and Meyerbeer and mutton-chops, pleasantly alternate. The place is beautifully fitted, and will doubtless be thoroughly successful.

A gathering of literary men and artists took place at Mr. Mudie's Rooms in New Oxford-street on Monday evening, the occasion being the opening of the new book-hall. Some five hundred people were present.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## TWO CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

THE extra Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, which is always looked for so earnestly, is this year entitled "A Message from the Sea," and has the distinctive quality of having nothing whatever to do with Christmas, from its headline to its conclusion. It is a short series of stories set in a clumsy inner framework, which again is surrounded by a still clumsier framework, the only difference between the two being that one is actually probable, while the other is highly melodramatic, and next to impossible. It is not difficult to see the machinery by which and for which this number has been constructed. There are two great spirits in the affair; one has the power of expressing great geniality, domestic pathos, warmhearted mirth, and inimitably graphic description; the other is the melodramatic partner, good at mystery and darkness, at high-flavoured romance, and inscrutable plot. The talents of both are united, or rather a proper division of subject is made between them, and hence the "Message to the Sea." It would be a far more difficult task than we are at present inclined to undertake (and one which, after all, would decidedly not repay our trouble) to attempt to explain the plot of the story; we will, therefore, assume that, as is doubtless the case, most of our readers have read it, and proceed

to comment on that assumption. Nothing, then, can be more admirable than the opening chapter, descriptive of the Devonshire village at which Captain Jorgan, the American skipper, arrives. Clovelly, the place intended, has never been so sketched before, and never will again, though all Kensington and Camden Town send out their bearded sons for the purpose; nor has there ever been a more thoroughly natural and true portrait, even in the great Dickensian gallery, than that of Captain Jorgan. If there were yet (as, unfortunately, there are) Americans who still "rile right up" at the recollection of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and the "American Notes," this character ought to win them over for ever. The magnanimity, affectionate simplicity, straightforward honesty, and frank affection of the Yankee Captain are portrayed in the most inimitable manner. But here laudation ends. The story about the stolen money, in which we ought to be deeply interested, does not interest us one atom; the machinery for bringing forward the stories (a club held at an inn in a Cornish mining village, where among the company we have a gentleman who has resided for many years in France, passing a great portion of his life as a *commis-royageur*; and another who tells a ghost-story of the Jungfrau and the Kanderthal—likely persons to "use" such a tavern) is cumbersome and inartistic, and the stories generally are far-fetched and unsatisfactory. The *commis-royageur's* tale of his being hounded at a roadside cabaret comes to nothing, leaving off just where the excitement begins; the *Lauterbrunnen* ghost-story shows its termination before one is through the first column, and is wearily spun out; and the verses which the Captain reads from a pipelight (another notable *mauvaise*!) are so bad as to make one wish he had applied the paper to its original purpose. The narrative of the seafaring man is excellent in itself, told with wonderfully sustained power, and full of thrilling interest—melodramatic, of course, highly melodramatic, but enchanting; in the conclusion, we find the whole interest centre upon a leaf of a book, which leaf is missing, but is eventually found in the hat of one of the bystanders who has had no knowledge of the circumstance, but, having accidentally come across the leaf, has taken it for a hat-lining. Why, such a *Deus ex machina* would not have passed muster in a Victoria melodrama, and is utterly unworthy to appear under the name of the greatest master of fiction of our day! That fiction-master in his new story is showing most wonderfully how he has all the grand old resources still at his command; but it is a pity that he has allowed such a slight cloud as his new Christmas number to overshadow his fame.

"Snowbound" is the title of the Christmas number of the *Welcome Guest*, and the manner in which the tales herein are introduced cannot at least be charged with any novelty. A party of travellers waiting for an up-mail train on Christmas Eve find that the snow has fallen in and block up the line. Bored out of their lives, they endeavour to wile away the night by telling each other tales applicable to the season. There is, as will be seen, but little novelty in this idea; but there is a small personal interest interwoven with the threads, and plenty of what may be called "seasonable garnish," in the shape of snow, frost, fire-light, punch, and love-making. But the stories told are really very good indeed: in most of them there is, perhaps, too much of the horrible, but three parts of the world feel an enjoyment in being made to shudder, and here they will find it. The stories of Messrs. Hollingshead, D. Richmond, and the author of "Grandmother's Money," are highly melodramatic, but they are pleasantly relieved by a very genial, natural boy's story, signed "M. E. Braddon" (why don't people sign Christian names in full? what may be "M. E.'s" sex?); and a capital rattle by Captain Wraxall. A poem, "The Country Curate's Story," by Mr. K. Williams Buchanan, is decidedly above the average of such productions. The "Snowbound" is illustrated with several excellent engravings, is in every respect far superior to its last year's forerunner, and is altogether an amusing and a creditable drawing-room miscellany.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The following is a list of the Christmas entertainments at the various theatres:—

DRURY LANE.—A pantomime: "Peter Wilkins and the Flying Islanders," written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard.  
HER MAJESTY'S.—"Tom Thumb," a pantomime, by the same author.  
COVENT GARDEN.—A Pantomime: "Blue Beard," written by Mr. Bridgman; interpreted by the best pantomimists that exist—the Paynes.  
HAYMARKET.—A Pantomime: "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home," by Mr. Buckstone.  
PRINCESS'S.—A Pantomime: "Robinson Crusoe," by Mr. Byron. Friday by that extraordinary grotesque M. Espinosa.  
ADELPHI.—A Burlesque: "Bluebeard," by Mr. Byron.  
STRAND.—A Burlesque: "Cendrillon," by Mr. Byron.  
LYCEUM.—A Burlesque by Mr. Falconer, scenery by Mr. Calcott.  
OLYMPIC.—A Burlesque: "Timour the Tartar," by Mr. Oxenford and Shirley Brooks.

THE ARTILLERY COMPANY.—The Ancient and Hon. Artillery Company, of which His Royal Highness the Prince Consort is Captain General and Colonel, celebrated on Tuesday night the 250th anniversary of the revival of the regiment by King James I. by a banquet at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's-square. Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Colville presided, supported by Major-General Lord Rokeby, K.C.B.; Major-General Sir Richard Dares, K.C.B.; Colonel Lord Frederick Paulet, C.B.; Colonel M'Murdo, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay, and others. The company were all in military uniform.

ENGLISH PLUCK.—A Naples letter of the 12th says:—"During the gale of Sunday last a French man-of-war's boat was upset and wrecked near the Castello Carmine. Another French boat going to save it was upset and the men carried over the breakwater, where they were in danger of their lives. There was a large crowd looking on, exulting and screaming 'Alla Napolitana!' when five English soldiers rushed suddenly out of the crowd, and, dashing into the sea, succeeded in saving several of the Frenchmen. In doing this they were much bruised, and their clothes were torn to pieces. Some of the Piedmontese Bersaglieri present reported the occurrence to the Commandant, who ordered dry clothes to be given to them, and sent in their names to the King, who presented them each with the medal of valour."

## CHRISTMAS DRAWING-ROOM THEATRICALS.

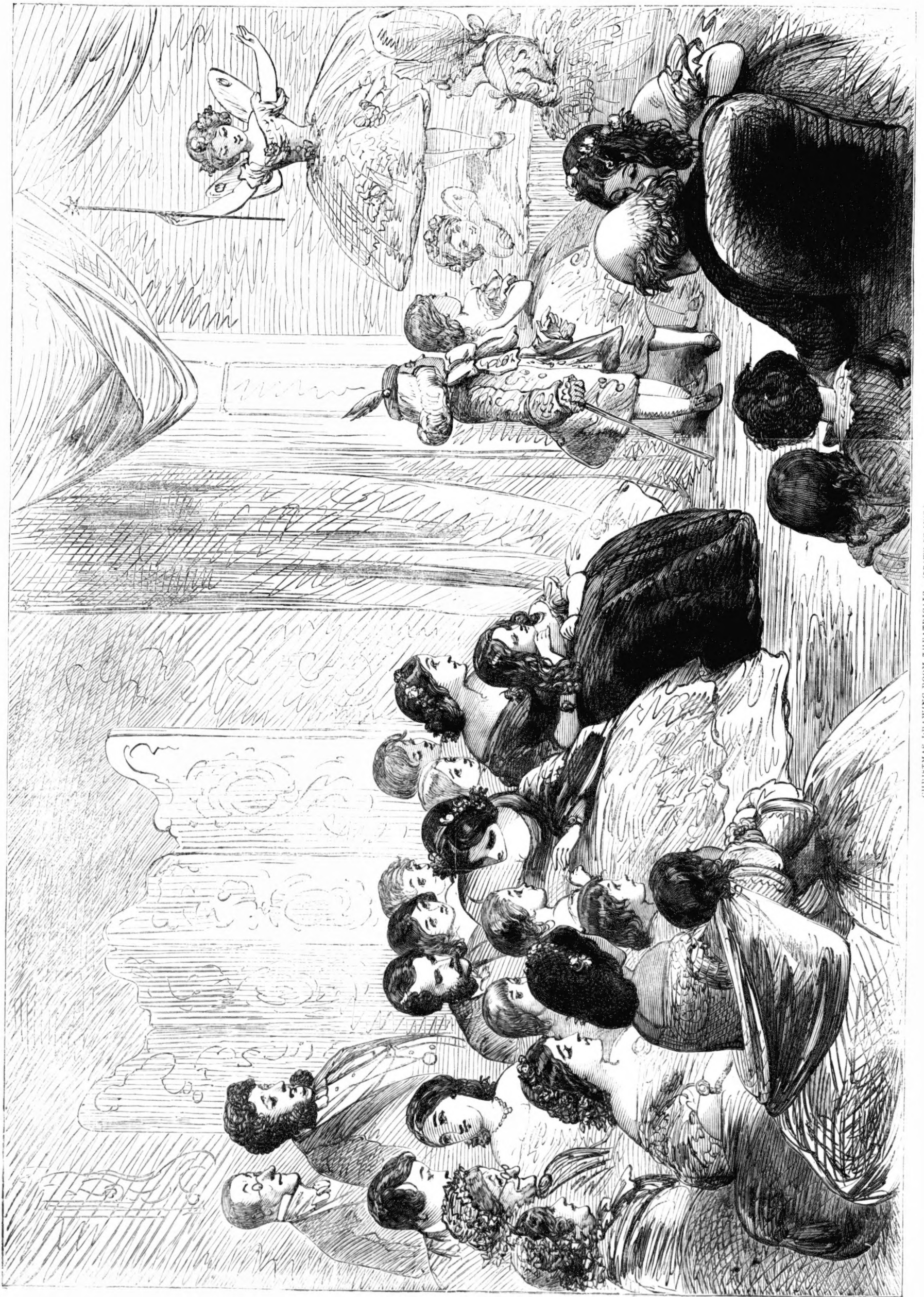
If we wish to revive the glorious Christmas of our youth we must once more become children. Let us, when we look back, as we do sometimes, with a sort of wondering melancholy, thinking of what a hearty, merry, jovial time Christmas used to be—how it once seemed to us the very crown of the whole year; as a time when friends met together and laughed they knew not why, and cared not, except that it was Christmas!—Christmas!—and that there was love, mirth, melody, glad tidings of great joy in the very name. Let us examine ourselves at such times, and see how little of the old Christmas—aye, or old Christian—spirit we cherish within us. It is necessary to the true enjoyment and appreciation of Christmas—as it is to the entering into Heaven—that we should become as little children, and with all a child's simple love, trust, gratitude, and forgetfulness of past trials, bless and hallow the day with a true and unselfish joy.

It will be no light or insignificant duty for such among us as are in the midst of our little ones at this glad time to aid them in all those pure and childish delights to which they have been looking forward during the past three months at school or in the quiet round of everyday life.

Here they all are, bless them!—cousins and brothers home for the holidays; cousins and friends from the country; sisters and sisters' friends. Shy, rosy, coy, laughing, romping, dimpled, merry darlings!

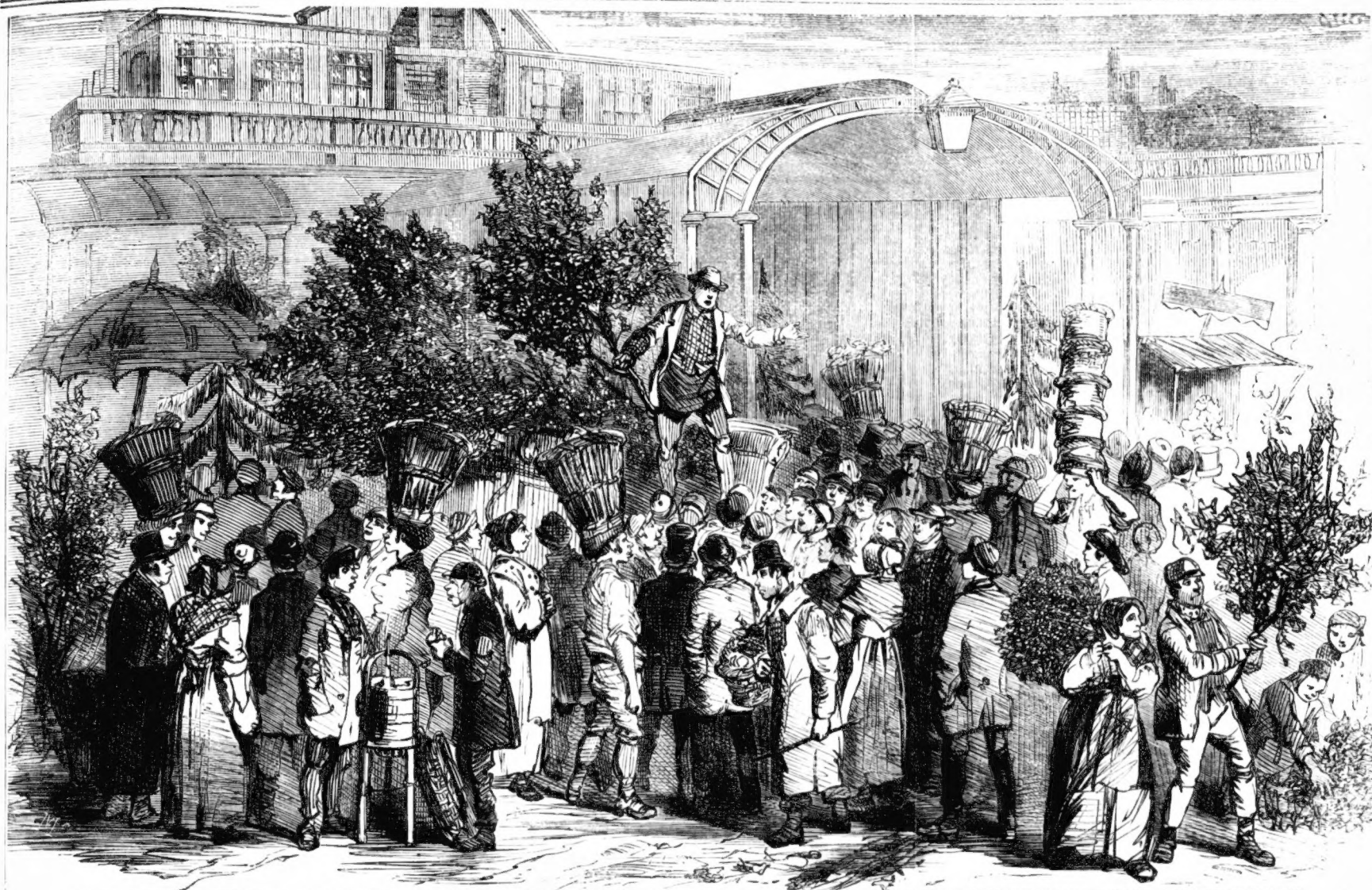
Let us, if we would open within us a pure spring that shall help to keep our natures fresh during another year of harassing work and selfishness and worldly trial, rank ourselves with the children, and spend for them what is still left us of Christmas joy, even though it be but a memory of past years.





CHRISTMAS DRAWING ROOM THEATRICALS. — (DRAWN BY H. J. Z.)





SELLING HOLLY IN COVENT-GARDEN MARKET. —(DRAWN BY M'CONNELL.)



CHRISTMAS ON A FOREIGN STATION. —(DRAWN BY M. MORGAN.)



## CHRISTMAS ON A FOREIGN STATION.

CHRISTMAS, with its holly and mistletoe—with its good cheer and openhearted hospitality—with its meeting of estranged friends and reconciled relations—with its honest, jovial, cheerful, smiling, weather-defying visage—arrives once again to run its course of rejoicing throughout the nooks and corners of our land. Holly in the hedges, holly in the gardens, holly in the churches, holly in the shops, holly on the window-sills, holly (rejoice, ye youngsters!) in the Christmas pudding; holly here, there, and everywhere—with its dark-green prickly leaves and bright vermilion berries—vie with the more modest mistletoe in typifying the advent of our annual festival. Grim and smokedried citizens relax their careworn visages, and hey for the hopes of a clear, bright, sharp, frosty morning, with the roads smooth and level as a bowling-green, when cousin Jack, or uncle Tom, meets them at the country railway station, in the light cart with the four-year-old mare, and away to the old homestead, where ducks, geese, turkeys, and porkers are the denizens of the luxuriant strawyard, where there is yet a monthly rose blooming in the sheltered angle of the old farmhouse, where the logs are burning cheerily on the ancient dogirons, while even now a tankard of homebrewed is on its way from the well-known barrel, and the "gudwife," in bustling hospitality, hastens the abundant meal. Oh! ye Charles Lambs and Dr. Johnsons, who prate of Fleet-street and the Strand, tell us honestly could ye walk there on a bright, clear, frosty, Christmas Day, and not long for the rimy meadows, the skeleton-armed and weird trees, the hoary-tipped hedges, the grey little church spire, with its bright golden vane, the red-tiled roofs of the village, and the rosy country rustics, in lieu of the steaming chop from the gridiron at the "Cock;" the frowning arch of Temple Bar; the trim, pale, and smartly bedizened citizens; the rumble of a Pickford's van; the clatter of a Parcels Delivery cart, or the obsequious attention of the waiters at the "Mitre."

Were we boys ever? Did that first long-dreaded "half" draw near its close, and did we count the days that would elapse ere we might feel the delicious thrill of "home for the holidays?" Were we girls ever? and did no vision of the annual ball, and the mistletoe, and the dark gentleman with the huge moustache, ever come present to us in our dreams before Christmas? Aye, verily did these things happen to us; and therefore is it that we hold Christmas as an advent to be venerated, if alone for that, and as a time and season which we would gladly hug to our hearts with fervent warmth, reminding us, as it must, of our dead loves, our past sorrows, our broken hopes, and our dimly remembered joys.

But, withal at Christmas there must be some whose recollection causes a pang, though perhaps unneeded, for the absent ones who have "gone down to the sea in great ships," and whose vacant seat is still present at the fireside, which rang to the sound of the merry laugh and hearty voice but one short year past. The mother misses her "curled darling" whose heart was on the waters and whose inclination she would not perforce restrain; the father knows that his stalwart, hardy son left him in rude health and spirits for the far-off coast; the wife hugs her babe to her bosom, and fears wrecks and dangers to her absent husband, and the young girl's cheeks pale when she hears the noisy winds that shake the casement of her humble home, and prays for the safety of her absent lover.

Our Engraving, however, tells us of a more pleasant scene. It reminds us that our bluejackets, though seas may divide them, remember the rites and ceremonies pertaining to the celebration of our great holiday. For some weeks past the jolly tars have abstained from the indulgence of grog, and the skipper, therefore, has a nice little abundance to serve out for the general rejoicing. Moreover, the foraging party have been on shore, and all the edibles which a British seaman considers essential for the inner man have been, if possible, procured for their indulgence. And last, not least, there is the genuine Christmas pudding surmounted, in lieu of holly, with a tiny model of their own ship, made by some ingenious hands, in readiness for the occasion, while the little fifers play a merry tune as the pudding procession marches round the messroom table. Everything is as neat and clean as the most fastidious person could desire. The men are happy as men can be, and have nothing to do but enjoy themselves, as we are sure they will do; and, as to say more would only be spoiling the jovial scene which our artist has represented, we will leave them with the happy conviction that they will pass "a merry Christmas on a foreign station."

## FRENCH PASSPORTS.

THE following gratifying announcement appears in the *Moniteur*—The Emperor has decided that, from the 1st of January next, the subjects of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland coming to France shall be admitted to enter and to travel in the territory of the empire without passports and reciprocally. The Minister of the Interior will give instructions to his agents to carry this measure into execution.

It is said that we are to thank the Empress Eugénie for the enjoyment of this immunity.

LORD DERBY AS AN ORATOR.—Not only had Lord Aberdeen seen Fox and Pitt stand, as Byron has described them, like the two mountains, "Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea of eloquence between," he had listened with awe to the rolling thunders of Burke, he had witnessed the brilliant but harmless lightning of Sheridan, he had heard Granville and Grey in their prime. Whitbread and Wyndham he had heard volleying forth their clamours by the hour; and, with all the inclination of an old man to depreciate the present and to laud the past, he has declared of these giants, of whom it is supposed that we are never more to see the like, that not one of them, as a speaker, is to be compared with our own Lord Derby, when Lord Derby is at his best.—*Times*.

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.—In reproducing his volume entitled "The British Constitution, its History, Structure, and Functions," Lord Brougham has heralded the work by the following dedication to her Majesty—Madam,—I presume to lay at your Majesty's feet a work, the result of many years' diligent study, much calm reflection, and a long life's experience. It professes to record facts, institute comparisons, draw conclusions, and expound principles, often too little considered in this country by those who enjoy the inestimable blessings of our political system; and little understood in other countries by those who are endeavouring to naturalise it among themselves, and for whose success the wishes of all must be more hearty than their hopes can be sanguine. The subject of the book, "The British Constitution," has a natural connection with your Majesty's auspicious reign, which is not more adorned by the domestic virtues of the Sovereign than by the strictly constitutional exercise of her high office, redounding to the security of the Crown, the true glory of the Monarch, and the happiness of the people. Entirely joining with my fellow-citizens in feelings of gratitude towards such a ruler, I have individually a deep sense of the kindness with which your Majesty has graciously extended the honours formerly bestowed, the reasons assigned for that favour, and the precedents followed in granting it. With these sentiments of humble attachment and respect, I am, your Majesty's most faithful subject and most dutiful servant.—BROUGHAM.

THE WINE DUTIES.—The new differential duties on wines by alcoholic tests, which are to come into force in this country on the 1st of January, are exciting considerable dissatisfaction in France, which, indeed, is not very wonderful, inasmuch as they impose a heavy tax upon precisely those classes of wines which are most likely to find favour in the eyes of the British public as being the strongest, while they have the not less forcible recommendation of being likewise the cheapest. The wine interest of the south-east has taken the alarm, and the Chambers of Commerce of Marseilles, Montpellier, Nîmes, Narbonne, and Beziers have memorialised the Minister of Commerce on the subject. The valley of the Rhone and Saone is placed at a most serious disadvantage with its ancient rival, the Garonne; and the president of the association of vine-growers of Burgundy has accordingly summoned the committee of that association to meet him at Beaune for conference on the subject, whilst the good people of Perpignan, the capital of the district which, abutting on the Pyrenees, produces the Rusillon—a wine which approaches nearer to port or the Spanish red wines than any other—declare that their wines will be taxed 140 per cent more than those of Bordeaux. The southern growers urge, with perfect justice, that the English Government having fixed upon an alcoholic test and rate, instead of, as they had hoped, an equal duty on all wines, the wines of Languedoc, Provence, and Herault will, on account of their natural fullness of body, be burdened with a duty which will render it impossible for them to compete with their lighter rivals to the westward.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

## CHRISTMAS AT COVENTRY.

AT this time of the year the journalist is often tempted to throw politics overboard—especially political economy (which, though a good science enough, somehow seems to jar with charity, and will continue to do so till we know them both better)—and write a sermon; and this not from merely sentimental motives, or for the purpose of saying fine things on a fine Christian subject. But it was ordained that the great Feast of our faith should fall at a bitter season—when the poor are poorest, and hunger is sharpest, and many of the sources of employment are frozen up. Two days of severe frost deprive thousands of families who live from hand to mouth of their daily bread; a fortnight of it reduces them to famine-point; and then, by some strange perversity in perverseness, this is the period when working men are most addicted to "striking." The result is that the Christmas season is one of peculiar hardship to the poor; and since we who can afford it feast at this season to commemorate that great alms bestowed upon all mankind at Bethlehem, we hope it is excusable to say a charitable word for those who must keep the holiday fasting and cold.

The beggar in the street, the seamstress in the garret, the broken clerk, the starved parson (surely he ought to be remembered—and Mr. Troilope's poor clergyman in the *Cornhill Magazine* is to be found in fifty parishes) have been "improved" in many pages; and it is highly probable that little good came of the sermon, for everybody does not know a seamstress or a starved parson. But everybody knows Coventry, or where to find it; and there is an entire population overdone with poverty. Because it is not fashionable to wear ribbons just now—because of the folly of Coventry workmen (the whole duty of a weaver being unfulfilled unless he strikes every two or three years)—and because of the operation of the new Commercial Treaty—the town is much in the same miserable condition as if it had long sustained a siege. Let us consider this picture. Here, in the heart of England, is a district in which thousands of men, women, and children are reduced to absolute starvation. Of some twenty thousand workpeople two-thirds, it is said, are unemployed, and have been unemployed for weeks. There is "P—, a weaver," living with his wife and family on "a round of bread a day," and that bestowed on them not by another weaver, but by the sexton, who, in the natural course of business might have been influenced the other way. There is "L—, a weaver, above sixty years of age," who, having sold all his furniture but a quart jug to obtain food for his wife, was constrained at last to take the quart jug "and sell it for a twopenny loaf." There is, in fact, the whole alphabet of weavers repeated a hundred times over who have not only been compelled to part with their furniture, but who go about despairingly, offering to sell their very looms, the bread-winners, for bread—an absurd offer. Famished creatures by hundreds besiege the parsonages every day; the shops are shut; houses are untenanted; the streets are melancholy with hungry, wandering idlers; and the town is free from smoke after the saddest fashion. This is what is going on in the heart of England to-day—a population starving, a town as bad as besieged. But there are dreary weeks yet before the poor people of Coventry before trade can possibly revive; and what is "L—, a weaver," to do on Christmas Day, now that his quart pot is sold, and nothing remains?

Contrasted with this picture, our wealthy London city, with its shops decked so richly and brilliantly, is not so pleasing an object as the careless beholder may take it to be. We can but hope that paterfamilias's Christmas tree, compared with the quart pot, will strike him with a wholesome melancholy. We do not care to speak any further on the subject. Here are the facts; let us profit by them—the well-to-do *pater* by giving, the miserables of Coventry by receiving, some little help. Charity is always blessed, that we know on the best authority; but if the vulgar proverb be a true one, "the better the day the better the deed," what better time is there in all the year for the exercise of the virtue than this Christmas time?

ADVICES FROM THE BRITISH FLEET AT NAPLES, to the 8th, state that the smallpox had nearly subsided.

AN IRATE KING.—At Palermo Victor Emmanuel was in great wrath at the horses being taken out of his carriage and his being drawn along by the people. "He wished brute beasts to remain brute beasts, and men to remain men." He further added that he was neither a danseuse like Cerito, nor a travelling dentist, and had no wish to receive the honours commonly accorded to such characters.

MR. W. WILLOTT'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A new musical entertainment of that peculiar description which has become popular of late is announced to be produced this evening at the Hanover-square Rooms, under the auspices of Mr. W. Willott, who has secured the services of M<sup>me</sup>. Lucia and Mr. Augustus Braham. The entertainment is entitled "Light and Shade; or, Photographing and Spirit-rapping;" and, from what we hear, it is likely to prove a most attractive combination of music and mirth.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION OF MSS.—A curious fact has been recently brought to light—viz., that photography will *revivify* effaced writings on old parchments. M. Vincent, a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, a short time ago, presented to that body the first facsimile of a MS. reproduced photographically by M. Silvy. It was the "Sforza Manuscript," the original of which is in the possession of the Marquis d'Azeglio; and we need not say that all the designs and ornaments of this precious work have been reproduced with magical fidelity. But the circumstance which deserves peculiar mention is that not only is the copy more legible than the original, but that certain passages which could not be deciphered on the old parchment have been actually revived; and this was particularly visible on the last page, where a note written in German under the signature has become both visible and legible, while there is not a trace of it left on the original. M. Figeur, who mentions this circumstance in the *Presse*, explains it as follows:—"On old parchments the ink, under the influence of time, assumes a yellowish tint, which often becomes undistinguishable from that of the parchment, so that it cannot be read without the greatest difficulty. Now, during the photographic process the brilliant and polished parts of the parchment reflect light much better than those where the ink has been deposited. However colourless it may appear, the ink has not lost its anti-photogenic qualities, opposed to the photogenic ones of the parchment; and, thanks to this opposition, black characters may be obtained on the sensitive surface, in return for much paler ones on the original."—*Galignani*.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ANOTHER DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE took place at Windsor on the evening of yesterday week. Mr. Tom Taylor's "Babes in the Wood" was represented.

THE PRINCESS ALICE is not to be married until 1862, when she will be nineteen years of age.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, we hear, has intimated her intention of returning to England next summer, and of making a tour of visits in Scotland.

THE CLIMATE OF MADEIRA agrees well with the Empress of Austria, whose health has improved.

PARLIAMENT will meet for the dispatch of business on Tuesday, the 5th of February.

CAPTAIN BRABAZON, one of the missing officers captured by the Chinese, is son of Major Brabazon, of Brabazon Park, in the county of Mayo; and Lieut. Anderson, though only twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, had rendered distinguished services in India, and had already attained celebrity and trust in the forces employed under Sir Hope Grant in China.

THE ESTATE OF BRAWL CASTLE, in Caithness, is understood to have been sold by the Ulster family to the Maharajah Duleep Singh, for a sum between £120,000 and £130,000.

MR. E. JAMES, M.P., will deliver a lecture on "The Revolutions of Europe; Their Origin and Results," at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, on the 10th of next month.

THE AUSTRALIAN SQUADRON will shortly be reinforced by the *Jasari*, *Miranda*, and *Harrier*. The presence of a strong force on that station has been rendered necessary by the disturbances in New Zealand.

THE FIRST SOD OF THE CHESHIRE MIDLAND RAILWAY was cut yesterday week by Sir Harry Mainwaring, in a field adjoining the little village of Cross Town.

MR. H. O'NEILL purposes to undertake a voyage to Australia and back, in order to familiarise himself with ship-life, with a view to certain contemplated pictures.

CAVALRY SOLDIERS are in future to be furnished gratis with stable necessities, such as horse-brushes, currycombs, sponges, corn-bags, &c., instead of having them as part of their kit as heretofore.

A NEW SET OF STOCKS are about to be erected at Worcester.

GENERAL NARVAZ has retired altogether into private life. A CONSIDERABLE QUANTITY OF PROPERTY, including several patriotic souvenirs, has been stolen from the residence of Ledru Rollin, in London.

DIABROUS INUNDATIONS have taken place in Spain. Several buildings were overwhelmed at Santa Fé. The Badajoz Asylum was swept away, and many children were killed and injured.

THE SCREW STEAM-SHIP *Warrior*, intended to be iron-clad, will be launched from the stocks at Millwall on the 29th instant.

THE WHOLE OF THE CLAIMS ON GARIBOLDI on account of the British legion have been met by the Sardinian Government.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT is sending out reinforcements to China and a large quantity of military stores.

THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, at SYDNEY, has been destroyed by fire.

DR. PHILPOT, Master of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, who has been on several occasions elected Vice-Chancellor of the University, will succeed to the vacant see of Worcester.

AT BADAJOS, IN SPAIN, a few days ago, a wall of an hospital fell in, and eighteen children, aged from eight to ten years, were buried beneath it; eight were killed on the spot, and the others were more or less injured.

GENERAL LAMORICIERE has replied to the invitation to the Limerick banquet that he did not receive it soon enough to join the company.

BARON DE BELCASTLE, First Secretary of the French Legation at Berlin, has been the victim of a robbery to the extent of 6000*l.*, and all the crosses and decorations which he possessed.

IN PEKIN the winters are on an average ten degrees colder, and the summers nineteen degrees warmer, than in London.

IN FRANCE THERE ARE NOW NO LESS THAN SIX VACANT SEES. The Emperor does not fill them up because he knows the Pope would not confirm his appointments.

FROM MADRID we have news of calamitous inundations at Grenada, overwhelming public buildings, hospitals, and houses, and destroying many children.

CONFERENCES have already commenced at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, Paris, for a new treaty of commerce between France and Belgium.

A WORKMAN OF PARIS has just discovered a means of preserving water and gas pipes from rust, by enveloping them in a thick coating of clay. The city of Paris has granted the man a pension for life.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has ordered a competition to be opened for the best monument recalling to mind the late glorious events.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION is again open between Malta, Sicily, and England.

A MELANCHOLY REPORT is current that a vessel, containing eight hundred Garibaldians, has been shipwrecked.

REPORT SPEAKS OF A SPLIT IN THE PROPRIETARY OF THE *Saturday Review*, and the approaching foundation of a rival journal, under the conduct of Mr. Cook, who has managed the *Saturday Review* since its commencement.

THE TENOR MARIO'S FATHER, Count de Candia, is appointed Governor over the Island of Sardinia.

A DESIRE HAS BEEN EXPRESSED that the next out-going India mail should be postponed from the 26th to the 27th inst., the letters by the China mail, with dates from Pekin to the 30th or 31st of October being expected to arrive on that day, so as to admit of answers being dispatched.

A REPORT IS SPREAD IN NAPLES THAT FRANCIS II. had made an offer to the Emperor Napoleon of allowing Gaeta to be held by a mixed garrison of French and Bourbon troops until the Neapolitan question should be definitively settled by a European Congress.

THE TYNE SEAMEN, in consequence of the satisfactory explanations that have been given, have recently been joining the Naval Reserve at the rate of twenty-five a day.

THE IRISH ORANGE JOURNALS, without a single exception, urge the "apprentice boys" of Derry to commemorate the "shutting of the gates" with all the accustomed demonstrations.

THE NUMBER OF NEAPOLITANS who enrolled themselves under Garibaldi was under 100; and yet they talk of "our revolution!"

IN THE NEW ITALIAN PARLIAMENT the actual population of Italy, amounting to 17,954,166, will be represented by 337 deputies, of whom 138 will be returned by Southern Italy, exclusive of Sicily.

FRANKEN HALL, OXFORD, we hear, has been taken permanently by the Queen, as the future residence of the younger branches of the Royal family who may pursue their studies at Oxford.

THREE VESSELS WENT DOWN ON Monday on the sands which line the east coast near Great Yarmouth. Fortunately, the crews were saved, and received into the Sailors' Home—a valuable institution, which deserves to be well supported.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PAUL'S will inaugurate the opening of the new organ, preparatory to the Evening Services, by a grand performance of "The Messiah," on Thursday, January 24. The orchestra in the south transept will accommodate a full band and chorus of more than 500 voices.

ONE OF THE MADRID JOURNALS says that information had been received that 30,000 tracts and other works, defending Protestant doctrines, had been printed at London in the Spanish language, and that sixty smugglers had undertaken to introduce them into Spain!

THE CONTEMPLATED MARRIAGE between Mr. Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, and Lady Victoria Fitzalan Howard, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk, and goddaughter of her Majesty, will take place on the 7th of next month, being the earliest day after Christmas that is allowed by the arrangements of the Roman Catholic Church.

A GREAT ORANGE DEMONSTRATION took place in Londonderry on Tuesday. A disturbance was expected, and a military force and additional magistrates were stationed in the town to preserve order. It appears, however, that the affair passed off quietly.

THE EX-DUKE OF MODENA has sent home the soldiers he had with him, except about a thousand.

A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS, called the "Poetical Souvenir," consisting of contributions by P. J. Bailey, author of "Festus," Tennyson, A. Smith, R. M. Milnes, M.P., F. H. Bradbury (Quillon), Coventry Patmore, J.C. Prince, and others, has just been issued in London.

SIR GEORGE CARROLL, Knight, the Alderman of the ward of Candlewick, expired on Wednesday.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.—An authentic publication, *Les Annales Ecclesiastiques*, states the number of the Roman Catholic parochial priesthood (exclusive of monks and others) all over Europe to be 260,000, of which Italy alone contains nearly one-half—viz., 115,000, for her share. France is well off with only 48,000, Germany with 21,000, Spain with 31,000. There is in Italy one for every 217 inhabitants, of all ages and both sexes.







### THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S CHRISTMAS DOLE.

THE greater number of our charities in the present day are performed by proxy. Noble and benevolent institutions are organised for the purpose of relieving all sorts of distress, and at the rate of a periodical subscription many people are but too glad to hand over their interests in the well-being of their poorer brethren to the investigations of a managing committee. It may be doubted, however, whether benevolent societies can, in every case, and to the spirit as well as the letter of its meaning, meet the requirements of that truly Christian charity to the exercise of which we are commanded to give ourselves. There are, of course, certain forms and descriptions of poverty which could never be appreciably relieved without some regular and systematic method of working which an organised system could alone insure; but, at the same time, there is another sort of distress which, while it suffers from the want of those comforts which are necessary to the body, also yearns for the possession of that sympathy, that recognition by the human brotherhood—of some sort of care for its sorrows and sufferings, without which the mere relief of bodily wants, falls cold and blank upon souls which have been waiting long and wearily for the pressure of a helping hand, for the beam of a friendly eye, to accompany the gift.

It would be well for us all, perhaps, while we are thinking of the great festival which will so soon be kept throughout the length and

breadth of our land, if we determined, each in the station to which God has called him, to carry the bright reflection of Christmas joy and Christmas gratitude into some poor home where hearth and hearts are cold and hard from want of nourishment, both to the body and the soul, and there to endeavour to acknowledge the universal faith by the exercise of a charity which may mean giving, but as surely means loving. It is pleasant to know that some good old customs belonging to the season still hold their own, especially if they maintain that direct and hospitable charity by which the faces of the poor are brightened and their hearts made glad by the meal which shall give them, too, a Christmas dinner, and enable them to sit amongst their children and bless God for supplying their needs on the day when everybody seems to be feasting. This direct charity is still dispensed at the gate of Lambeth Palace, where the Archbishop's Dole is distributed to such of the decent poor as are recommended to receive it. The old episcopal pile never shows to better advantage, we may rely upon it, than when its portals are opened for the passage of the baskets, bottles, and bundles which pass in and out, accompanied by the pleasant faces of their bearers. We trust that it may be long before the custom is discontinued, since there are already too many indications of that spirit in which benevolence is reduced to a system where individual bounty is merged into a form at once unfeeling and ungrateful, the punishment of which can only be estimated by remembering that he who gives is more blessed than he who receives.

### THE NEW FRENCH PAMPHLET ON VENETIA.

ANOTHER remarkable pamphlet, "The Emperor Francis Joseph I. and Europe," has appeared in Paris. The author (whoever he may be) commences by recommending Francis Joseph to adopt, with respect to Venetia, the resolution which Napoleon I. pursued with respect to Louisiana, which he assigned, in 1803, to the United States for 80,000,000*fr.* He reminds the Emperor of Austria that the King of Holland made the sacrifice of Belgium to Europe. He encourages the Emperor of Austria to yield by telling him that, by satisfying the modern tendencies and the local traditions of Italy, he will have acquired an influence justly respected in the Congress which must precede the definitive settlement of the Italian question. He then shows that Venice is of no great value to Austria, inasmuch as it is a ruined seaport, and that the Venetian States require for their defence a number of expensive fortresses, which, in case of war, paralyse a great part of the Austrian army at a distance from the capital of the empire. The author asks:—

Can the separation of Venice give rise in the heart of Francis Joseph to the painful feelings which the surrender of Lombardy must have inspired? By no means; for in this case it is not an onerous sacrifice forced by a victory. Neither is it the case of an hereditary province which would deprive the young Emperor of a crown worn for eight centuries. The patrimony of the Doges did not give itself like Bohemia and Hungary. It was not conquered. It did not fall to the house of Austria by marriage or



The Archbishop of Canterbury's Dole at Lambeth Palace.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S DOLE AT LAMBETH PALACE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

by succession. Its annexation is scarcely sixty years old, and it took place by a proceeding which political reasons may explain, but can never render legitimate. The stipulations of the treaty of Campo Formio disposed, in fact, of the destiny of a free people, and without war, without conquest, notwithstanding its most solemn protests, followed shortly afterwards by the remonstrances of diplomacy. These circumstances, quite exceptional, demonstrate that the bond which attaches Venetia to the Imperial territory may be loosened without creating in any other province the hope of a similar fate, or establishing a precedent in its favour.

The author then proves that Austria derives no real advantage from the possession of Venetia. The population is 2,400,000 souls. The taxes produce £70,000,000*fr.* Its special debt is 7,000,000*fr.*, and, the expenses of collection being deducted, there remains very little for the maintenance of an army of 150,000 men required to hold possession. "The possession of Venetia," says the author, "can therefore be only a cause of weakness and ruin for Austria. The author contends that if Austria were rid of Venetia purely and simply, without any compensation, she would lose nothing, but, on the contrary, would effect a great saving of expense. But by surrendering it to Italy for an indemnity of 600,000,000*fr.* or 600,000,000*fr.* she would derive enormous advantages from the peace which would be consolidated, and from the tranquillisation of the public mind which would be the inevitable consequence. The revolutionary state of Italy having ceased, Hungary, freed from excitement from without, would shortly recover tranquillity, and would be compelled to regulate her pretensions by the conduct of the other provinces. The author admits that the Austrian army would perhaps regret a conclusion which would preclude all hope of satisfaction for the last campaign. That feeling would be confined to the

army; and the author feels confident that if the population of Upper and Lower Austria, of Styria, Carinthia, Bohemia, the Tyrol, Croatia, Hungary, Galicia, Transylvania, and Dalmatia, were asked the question, "Shall Venetia be surrendered to Italy for a sum of 600,000,000*fr.*?" all these people would advise this measure, and the generous opposition of the army would be lost in the midst of universal acclamation. The author adds:—

There is not an Italian who does not comprehend that the cession of Venetia by Austria is the security and the cessation of all fear of the foreigner's return. The Italian armies, reduced by three-fourths, will produce a saving five times greater than the interest of the debt to be incurred by its purchase.

The author notices the dangers with which Europe is menaced as long as Austria holds Venetia against the national will:—

Austria is ready; Italy is arming; the challenge has been given by 24,000,000 men in revolution to the Sovereign of one of the most powerful empires in Europe. If war breaks out, France, Germany, and perhaps England and Russia, will be drawn in to take part in it. It will be a general conflagration.

The author concludes as follows:—

The purchase of Venice is the sole efficacious, reasonable, and humane solution of the present struggle. We hope, when everybody shall have appreciated all the advantages of this compromise, an explosion of public feeling will take place. Such a manifestation will compel the Governments to come to an understanding, and the war of Italy will be concluded, like that of the Crimea, by the accomplishment of that declaration which is the living expression of modern civilisation—"It is not armies, but public opinion which gains the last victory."

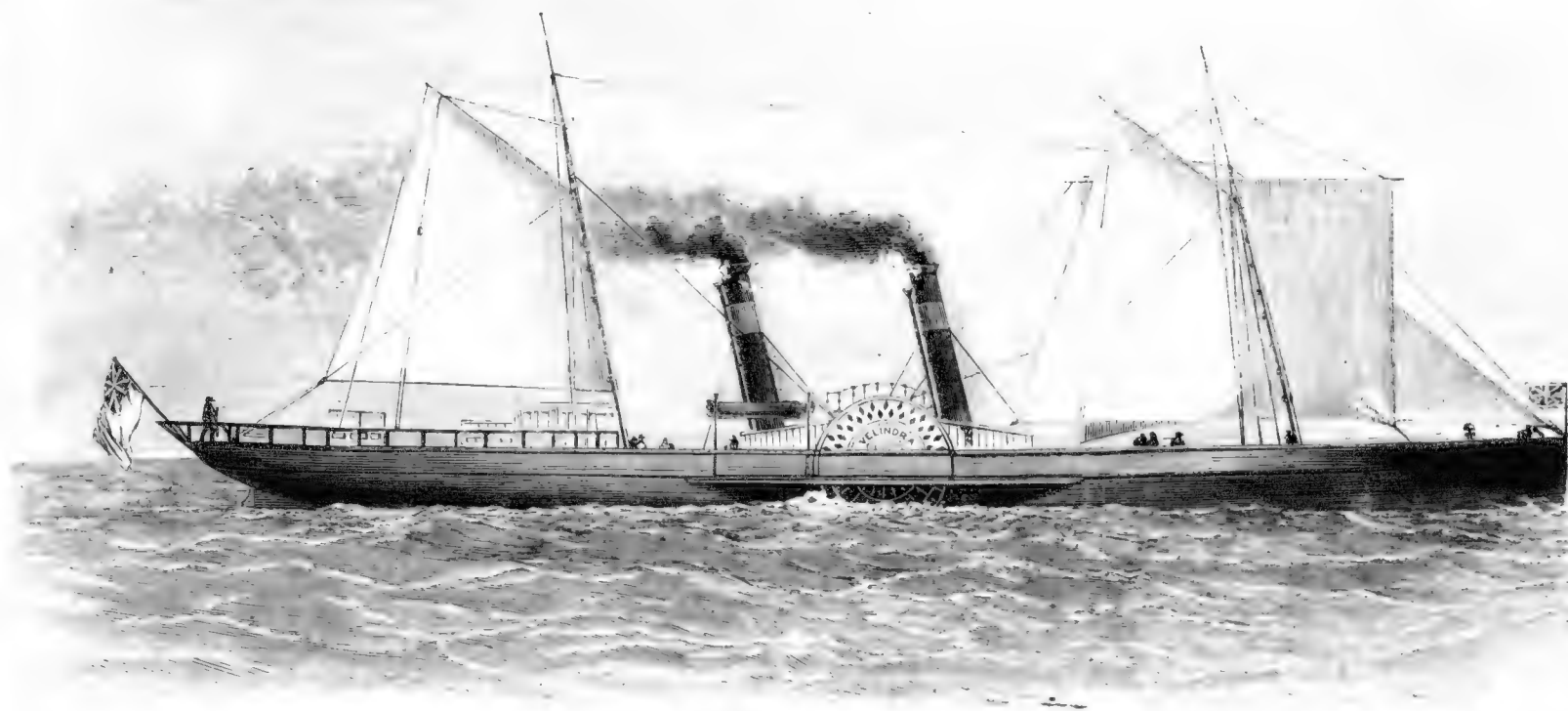
### DINNER TO LORD CLYDE.

A GRAND dinner was given on Tuesday evening at the Merchant Taylors' Hall in Threadneedle-street in honour of Lord Clyde's admission into the Worshipful Company.

The guests, who were upwards of 150 in number, included his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.; the Lord Mayor, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Clyde, Sir John L. M. Lawrence, all honorary members of the Company; Lord Stanley, M.P.; Major-General Lord Rokeby, K.C.B.; Lord Radstock, Mr. Justice Wightman, Colonel the Hon. James Macdonald, C.B.; Sir Anthony Rothschild; Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., M.P.; Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bentinck, K.C.B.; Major-General Sir Richard Airey, K.C.B., &c.

The Duke of Cambridge, in replying to a toast to the Army, disclaimed much credit in rendering the Chinese expedition efficient. "That credit," said his Royal Highness, "is due to my noble and gallant friend who sits on my left (Lord Clyde). The expedition came for the most part from India, and the merit of putting it in a state of efficiency devolved upon him as the general officer in command of the Indian army. I have not the pleasure of personally knowing much of Sir Hope Grant, but I consider that he deserves well of his country, and I understand that such is the opinion of all who have had the honour of serving under him. And, my Lords and Gentlemen, I think it would ill become me if I did not pay a passing tribute to the valuable assistance which the Chinese expedition has received from the recent important invention in gunnery. Sir William Armstrong, who is present this evening, has the merit of having invented a most efficient and powerful weapon; and, although this is not the time nor





THE PADDLE STEAM-VESSEL "VELINDRA."

place for drawing comparisons between the claims of other inventors, valuable and important as their inventions may be, still, as his invention has now been tested in the field, and has well come out of the ordeal, I am glad thus publicly to be able to express in his presence my sense of the great value which the Army and the country has received from his weapon."

Lord Clyde, on his part, would not accept the compliment. "I lay no claim to such credit, for I was but an instrument in the hands of the Governor-General. To that great man—for he is a great man—belongs the merit; for he it was, assisted by his Government, who equipped the expedition, and to him the praise belongs. While speaking on this subject, there is one subject which I cannot forget, and that is the single-heartedness, the devotion, and the manly intrepidity which animated the Indian army from the highest to the lowest,

and which was exhibited throughout the campaign. I must also, in connection with this subject, pay a tribute of admiration to the fearless behaviour and indomitable endurance of the civil servants of India, whose exertions, united with those of the Army, were happily instrumental under Providence in restoring tranquillity to that great empire."

## THE "VELINDRA."

A NEW steam-vessel destined for the service between Bristol and Cardiff has just been completed by Messrs. J. T. Mare and Co., of Millwall, for the Cardiff Steam Navigation Company. This vessel, which is named *Velindra*, is of 285 tons burden, and 100-horse power, while its engines, being constructed on the oscillating principle, will work

up to six times their nominal force. The dimensions of the vessel afford ample opportunity for both passenger accommodation and stowage, since her length is 160 feet, while the breadth of beam is 19 feet. Besides this she is provided with a raised quarter-deck, upon which is constructed a ladies' cabin, elegantly furnished and fitted. There is provision for both first and second class passengers, while every convenience is adopted for the transit of horses, as well as for ordinary cargo. Her average speed is about seventeen miles an hour.

The long and tedious journey into South Wales, via Gloucester, may now be most agreeably diversified by travelling by rail to Bristol, and then crossing the Channel by the boats of the Cardiff Steam Navigation Company, which company justly anticipates a large accession of traffic from the attractive qualities of this their new vessel.



SCENE FROM BALFE'S NEW OPERA "BIANCA, THE BRAVO'S BRIDE."







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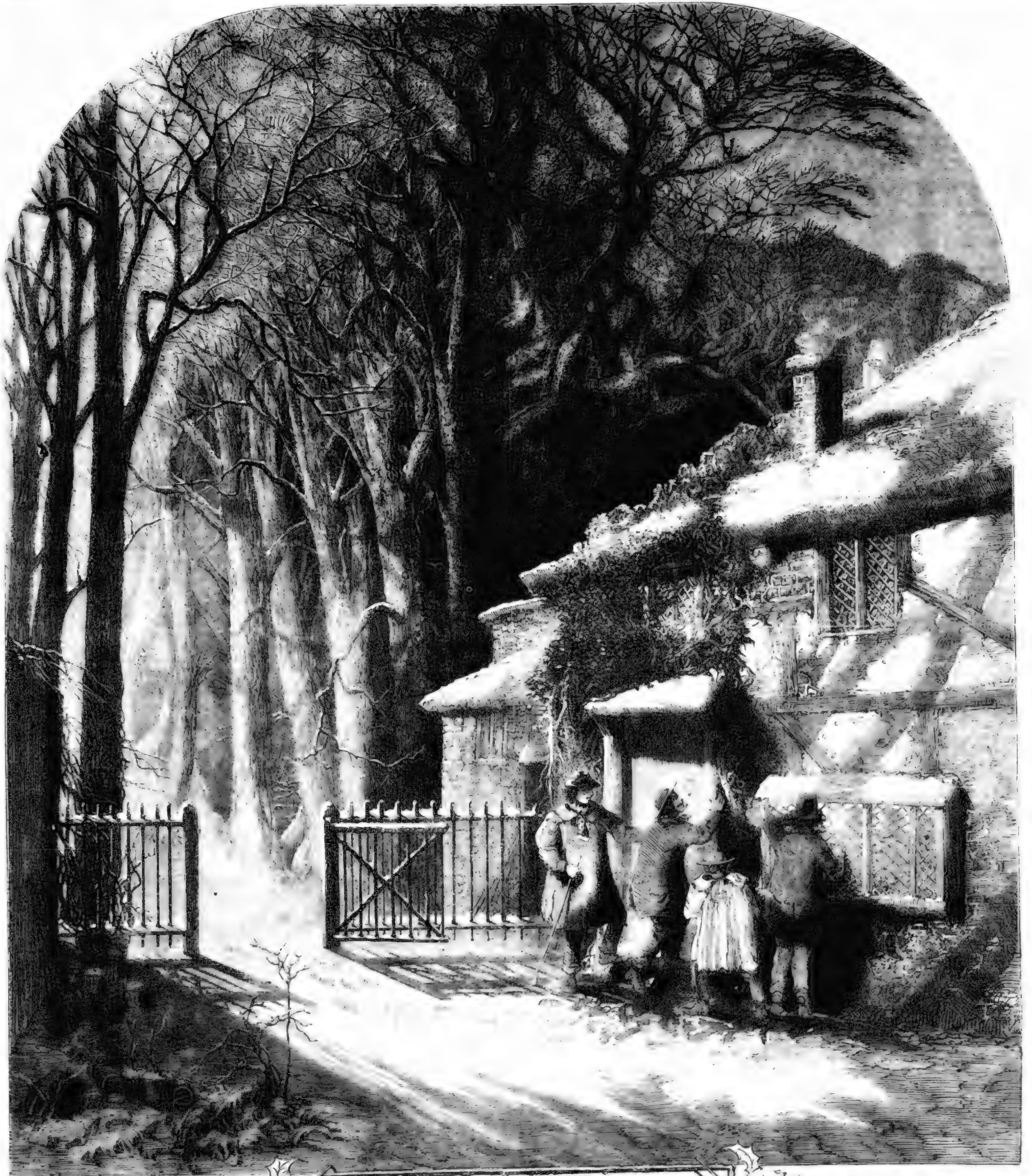
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CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT  
TO THE  
ILLUSTRATED TIMES

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.



LETTING IN CHRISTMAS.



## LETTING IN CHRISTMAS.

It is an old custom, survives to the present day, which is common to all "Letting-in-Christmases." It seems that in this northern county it is considered extremely lucky for the inmates of a house should the first person entering it after twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve happen to be dark-complexioned. In some districts this superstition has so firm a hold on the popular mind that the door is kept securely bolted against all fair-complexioned people, even though they be members of the family, until Christmas has been "let in." He arrives at last in the form of a dark-complexioned man, when he puts his mouth to the keyhole and shouts the old doggerel:—

"I wish you a merry Christmas,  
And a happy New Year;  
Your pocket is full of money,  
And your cellar full of beer."

"Time in!" The people inside the house then call out, "Who are you? What is the colour of your hair?" The reply is "Black." Upon the door is unbolted, and the dark man is admitted, when he is entertained with mulled ale, and, in proportion to the means of his hosts being given him, he takes his departure.

OUR TERRIBLE LODGER.  
BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

It was the worst of mock lodgers, sober and quiet as a lamb; indeed, I much doubt if ever that four-footed symbol of innocence and propriety could have occupied a first floor with as little noise, or crept up the stairs and down the stairs, and in and out of the house, so phantomlike as did Mr. Snape. He rang his room-bell with all the timidity of a steady and uninvited visitor, and gave his orders in the same tone as other folks give favours. He paid like a British Prince, and with such punctuality that during the eleven years he stayed with us never once was it necessary to inscribe in his bill the ominous legend, "No cash down."

I was proud of him. I was in the habit of bragging to the envious neighbouring lodging-letters of my Mr. Snape's excellent qualities. I used to speak of him as *my* Mr. Snape even to my wife, grounding my title to the privilege on the fact that, if my wife had had her will, Mr. Snape would not have lodged a single night with us. He came in the evening, himself in a cab, and his luggage in a light spring-cart behind. "Mr. Caulker," said my wife, coming down to the kitchen where I was, "you'll oblige me by going up and stopping the new first floor's luggage on the spot; I can't permit it; I wouldn't permit it for my own mother."

"Permit what?" I inquired, in some alarm at her excited appearance.

"The harbouring of coffins," replied she, hysterically; "there's one just gone up, and that there are others in the cart I have no doubt."

"How large a coffin was it?"

"A full-grown one," replied my wife, "the carman and the cabman took each an end and carried it up, while the new first floor and the tall dark gent with him followed up behind, solemn as mourners at a cemetery."

This was awkward. Although the quarter's rent paid in advance by Mr. Snape might be made to cover anything odd or eccentric attaching to him, it was certainly insufficient to compensate for the conversion of one's furnished apartments into catacombs. I crept up to the parlour, and through the windows watched the further unloading of the cart, resolved to oppose the passage of anything of the shape my wife had described. However, for all I could see to the contrary, the luggage was of just the ordinary sort—portmanteaux, boxes, and bags—and so I told Mrs. Caulker. But she wouldn't be satisfied. She had, she said, seen it with her own eyes, and declined to sleep in her bed until she knew who and what her roof sheltered. Of course, it was as much *my* roof and *my* bed as hers; but, as it was impossible to take my share of either and to be happy while she was bent on wretchedness, I ventured upstairs in the course of the evening, armed with an excuse that would admit me to both rooms, and determined, if possible, to solve the mystery.

Our new lodger made no objection, and, after I had measured the width of the front windows (keeping my eyes well about the place, but making no discovery), I proceeded to the back chamber—the bedroom—and lo! there, at the foot of the bed—the black nails, blinking and winking in the rays of the candle I carried—was the object that had caused Mrs. Caulker such trepidation. It was not, however, of exactly the regular coffin shape, being rather broad and square-looking; but there was no mistaking it for anything but what it was. Mr. Snape looked at me and I at him. His hat was on the table, and for the first time I observed that it was covered with crabs from brim to crown.

"I beg pardon, sir," said I; "but wouldn't it have been as well to have deposited this—?"

"Not at all," interrupted he, quietly, but with the air of sadness that seemed always to hang about him; "it will do very well where it is, thank you."

"I think not, Sir," replied I, rapidly making up my mind to refund the advanced quarter's rent, come what would. "You have, I presume, suffered a bereavement; but this is hardly a fit place for that—"

"My good man," once more interrupted he, "you may as well understand before we go further that it (pointing at the coffin) and I are old companions, and inseparable. Take my word, however, that you need suffer no alarm on its account, for, though its shape may augur otherwise, I assure you it is as innocent a box as any other you see in the room. I am an eccentric man, Sir, and have my whims—this is one of them. If you object to give it gratuitous house-room, I will pay extra rent for it."

There was no misunderstanding Mr. Snape's hint that the coffin was for his own ultimate use. Yet, when I looked on his tall, gaunt figure, and then on the stumpy case at the foot of the bed, it seemed either that he had conceived the "whim" during his boyhood, or else that he depended on living till age dwindled his length considerably. However, he was evidently too liberal a man to cast off on a mere suspicion, so I accepted his vague explanation with the best grace I could, and, returning to Mrs. Caulker, made the best of it. By dint of narrating the story of the great Mr. Day, the originator of Fairlop Fair, and that of the miser of Shoreditch who, while in full health, availed himself of a fall in the price of elm and had his last box constructed, together with a few neat inventions, I succeeded in pacifying her, and by a quarter past twelve she was peacefully asleep in the bed she had so recently alleged. We all grew quite used to the ugly thing in time, and it was never alluded to but in joke. It was never at all alluded to by Mr. Snape himself.

There were two other curious circumstances connected with our As certain as Christmas Eve came, by the last post generally, there came addressed to Mr. Snape a letter with a deep black border. Our natural inference was that he had lost a dear friend or relative, and, of pure consideration for his feelings, we kept the parlour-blinds down and dined the following evening in the back kitchen instead of the front; but when, the next Christmas Eve, there came another black letter, and I, meeting him on the stairs, ventured to confide with him on a single or feebly, he flurriedly informed me that I was entirely

mistaken—that he had suffered no bereavement, neither was he in danger of doing so, having neither friend nor relative in the world.

The other curious circumstance connected with Mr. Snape was the way in which he always spent Christmas Day. "Mrs. Caulker," he would observe to my wife the night before, "I shall require no attendance to-morrow. I have a friend coming with whom I have a business—private business—that must not be interrupted in any way." The tall, dark gentleman who accompanied Mr. Snape the evening he brought his luggage to our house was the friend who always came to visit our lodger on Christmas Day, and never at any other time. They didn't eat or drink or make merry in any way, but they sat up there together, from noon till midnight, and then the tall, dark gentleman came down alone and let himself out, and no more was seen of him for a year.

So things went on for eleven years, and, with the exception of the above-mentioned drawbacks—if they deserve to be so termed—a better lodger never breathed in furnished apartments than Mr. Snape. Well, just before his eleventh Christmas, our lodger was taken ill, so that he had to lie abed and be there waited on. How will he spend this Christmas? thought we; but we were not long kept in suspense. With Christmas Eve came the inevitable letter, and when Mrs. Caulker took him up some mutton broth for his supper, said he, "I shall not require your attendance to-morrow, Ma'am; I have a friend coming with whom I have business that must not be interrupted."

So the "friend," the tall, dark gentleman, came, and there they were together till late at night, and, then, the friend took his leave as usual. Immediately after that, something happened that was not usual.

This was it. While we were at breakfast next morning—early it was, for we kept it up that Christmas as usual, and had not been to bed yet—there came a knock at the door. It was a peculiar knock. We had heard it but eleven times in all our lives, and yet we knew it at once; it was that of Mr. Snape's friend.

"What the deuce can he want?" said I. "Run up and see, Jane."

"I look such a fright, Caulker; you go," says she.

So I went, and when I opened the street door it was the tall, dark man, sure enough, and said he—

"How is Mr. Snape this morning?"

"Well, Sir, you saw him last, I believe," replied I; "nobody has been up to his room yet, and he hasn't rang."

"Then somebody had better go up," said he; "he was far from well when I left him last night. I will wait here till you bring an answer."

"What name shall I say, Sir?"

"No name. Say, the gentleman who was with him yesterday." If I had known the fright that awaited me, I would have seen Mrs. Caulker and the tall, dark man, and the whole world at Jericho, before I would have gone up to Mr. Snape's room. However, I did go up, and this was what I saw, after I had knocked at the door several times and, receiving no answer, pushed it open and peeped in. I saw that Mr. Snape's bed was empty, and that the stumpy coffin had vanished from the foot of it; this was in the back room, which was parted from the front by folding doors. The folding doors were ajar, so that by taking a few steps into the back room I obtained a view of the front. Such a view! There was the stumpy coffin, draped with a regular pall, and looking more real than I had ever yet seen it; and at the foot of it, and leaning against it, was a stone cross, just as may be met in far country churchyards, and, worse than all, kneeling before the stone cross, with his arms round it, and his head so bowed over it that his grey hair drooped upon the pall, was Mr. Snape, dead.

Up to that time—I was quite a young man—very few fellows possessed more pluck and nerve than myself; that night, however, took it all out of me thoroughly and at once; and all I could do was to take the two flights of stairs at two leaps; and, without saying a word, I caught the sleeve of the dark man, who stood in the passage, and hurried no again with him, followed by my wife and our maid, and the few Christmas guests who had stayed to breakfast with us. Among these latter there was, luckily, but one female—an old maid, and as strong-minded as any two males of the company. Besides her there were three male friends; and one of them, as it happened, was an apothecary, who had come down to see his aunt, and who kept bathing machines on the beach below.

As soon as Mrs. Caulker had fainted, and the maid had borne her away, the confusion somewhat subsided. As for the tall, dark man, as soon as he had entered the room and seen the condition of things he stalked up to the poor old figure leaning over the cross, laid his hand on its forehead, and, crying out "All over! All over at last!" sank into a chair, and hid his face, and trembled so that the glass on the sideboard on which he rested his arms chinked again.

My friend the apothecary examined our late lodger, felt his pulse, and, diving his hand into the bosom of his waistcoat, felt for any stir about his heart; but stir had ceased so long that the dead man was as cold as marble.

"Are you a doctor?" asked the dark man, suddenly, of my friend.

"In a small way, Sir," replied my friend, modestly.

"Tell me how he died, then. By violence, or naturally?"

"Naturally, beyond a doubt. Diseased heart, I should say," replied the apothecary. "You must not take my verdict, however. If you will all stay here for two minutes I will fetch a doctor." And my friend hurried to the door.

Before he could reach it, however, the tall dark man started from his seat, crossed the room, closed the door, and set his back against it. "I have something to say," said he, "which all you who have witnessed the discovery of his death had best hear."

"Although his body and soul have but a few hours parted company, he has had no life—no life of his own—for more than twenty years. All that time his life belonged to me, to do as I pleased with; to give to the hangman or to keep and use for my sport. He robbed his wife, my sister, of her life, and I took his in exchange. He, John Snape, was a murderer, and I was his brother-in-law."

"It was all for the sake of money, the money of a miserly beggar—my grandfather—and a curse attached to it. Nobody dreamt he was a rich man. His son—my father—never dreamt of it, and lay long and long ill and pined by poverty, and died so, and was buried. Our mother had been dead years before that; so there were we, the miser's grandchildren, with the doors of the workshop, and none other, open to us. I was thirteen years old and she eleven, and I went to sea."

"My sister Kate wasn't a beauty. She was a sickly mite of a thing, and lame. I stayed at six years, and, returning with a little fortune, hurried to find her out and make her happy. But fortune had forestalled me. The miser had died a year before, and, making no mention of a heir, his precious money fell to us his nearest kin. Mr. Snape, a miserable dog, rich in nothing but cunning, had hunted out the heiress, had fawned and made himself agreeable to the little lame pauper, and she, barely eighteen, had married him."

"They were living in a handsome house many a hundred miles from this, where I found them. I hated my brother-in-law as soon as I saw him. For all his fair behaviour and protestations of friendship, and invitations to make his home mine, I saw through him as plainly as though he had been a glass man. He had taken the inheritance of a sickly wife for the sake of the money he got with her. She was a dead weight that clung to him and hindered his free swimming. In deep, quiet water, and all to himself, how easy to kick her off! But now the case was altered. Here was her brother, as big and as rich as himself, on the spot to see all fair and to aid her in any emergency. She, poor thing, saw none of this. She trusted his fondling and utter devotedness, and he was her dear John. Her only complaint was that dear John's "business" took him so frequently to London, and detained him there always a day or two, and sometimes as long as an entire week."

"Dear John's town business, however, fell off considerably as soon as I became his guest, which was unlucky for me, who, as I informed him, was anxious to be introduced to some of the great City fellows whose names he was continually mentioning, that I might invest some of my "little wealth." As for his poor little wife, she rejoiced at his death of business, and was thankful that the greedy city had relaxed its appetite for her dear husband."

"By-and-by, however, business increased with my brother-in-law. Letters from London came thicker and faster; and, so soon as I passed that he was not away from home more than half of it. After week, too, he grew less easy in his behaviour, and more exacting looking. It was my misfortune to be smitten by a fever about the same time so that for weeks I could not stir from my bed, and when I came up was with so weakened a frame that I had to lean on crutches."

"My bed-chamber was just above a pleasant little room used by my brother-in-law as a library and writing-room. To the window of the room was attached a spacious balcony, out at which, in summer, my sister would sit at work, while her husband was—as was generally the case while at home—busy writing. Well, one night as I lay awake (I had so little to tire me during the day that I could sleep much), a strange muffled, rasping noise attracted my attention. I don't know how it was, but I was always on the alert for odd sounds about that house, always suspicious of them, and ready to associate them with mischief. I got out of bed, and helping my weak legs by holding on to the furniture, went round the room listening at all points of it. At last I satisfactorily made out that the noise was under my window. I raised the curtain and peeped below, but there was no reflection of light from Mr. Snape's writing-room, although I could have sworn that thence the noise proceeded. I knelt down and laid my ear to the floor. There could be no doubt of it—the rasping was being performed in a room below."

"That he was at home I knew, yet it was nearly two o'clock, and what work could he have to do at all at that hour, let alone work of a nature to produce such an odd noise? I had no doubt that it was Mr. Snape at work, for while I listened with my ear to the floor I heard the whispered imprecation, "Deuce rot the thing!" which was an expression peculiar to my brother-in-law."

"After all, however, what was to be done? Was I to rouse and shake the house because at an unreasonable hour I overheard the mysterious busy at something that I could not understand, but which, if I did, would prove to be of the simplest character? It was out of the question. After I had listened for full an hour, I retired to my bed again, and lost the rasping sound till sleep altogether shut it out. Knowing what I now know, I would give half my limbs to that room listening to that infernal rasping, and nothing worse a bad."

"Well, the next day came, and I thought no more of the matter. I had heard in the night. It was a beautiful day, so I took a stroll into the garden that surrounded the house, and helped myself to the sun. The window of the writing-room already mentioned was the topmost but one of the tall house, full forty feet from the ground. Well, I expected my sister would be coming out on to the balcony presently, and from time to time I looked up at the window, and at a while saw her within the room, and she nodded at me pleasantly through the glass. Another little while, and she opened the window and bringing out a stool, set it in the balcony, and sat down. Then, sudden as lightning, I heard a terrible cry, and looked up to the iron structure, and my sister clinging to it, pitching to the earth. Swift as it fell, I verily believe the full extent of the villainous plot was revealed to me before it grounded. Here was the secret of the muffled rasping. The fiend—there he lies dead and I should not call him a murderer had filed through the supporting-bars to the nearest trap, and trapped her to her death."

"The horrid sight and the revelation came at me like bullets. My crutched limbs failed me, and I dropped down and knew no more. I awoke two days after in my bed-chamber. Strange, too, I was conscious of all about the terrible tragedy—knowing it calmly. A man there, and Snape was there, and when he covered his face with his handkerchief, and told me that his dear wife—my poor sister—was dead. I shut my eyes, and listened, and made him no reply. I had conceived a revenge more terrible than giving him to the law, and I wanted him, the rascal—everybody to go away and leave me in quiet that my plans might grow and ripen."

"I felt now that I must grow well, and I did. I mended so rapidly that by the end of a week I could walk with a stick, and by the end of another week I was so strong that I could run."

"They buried my sister in the little churchyard just out of the town, and as I was told, a pretty little stone-cross was to be erected at the head of her grave. I went and saw the cross making at the mason's and watched him lettering it, and marked where I would letter it too."

"The stone was fixed. It was dark when the mason had finished his job, and, as he wheeled his little truck out at one gate, I came in at the other and lurked about in the shadow of the church till it grew quite dark. Then I made for the little stone-cross, and, with a cushion with which I had provided myself, cut beneath her name and age—'Remembered by her husband.' Then I went home to watch my brother-in-law, and see what he would do next."

"He did exactly what I was certain he would. Ever since his wife had been buried he had not once failed to rise early in the morning, to walk to the churchyard to look at his work when no eye was about to see him, and I was convinced he could not forbear going for an early view of the pretty cross which recorded Love's triumph over death. I heard him go out, and a little while after I went too. I could have screamed for joy! There he was, one moment tearing at the well-set stone—the next, startled by a footstep, flinging the lapet of his cloak over the telltale face of it, and striking an attitude of devotion, while guilt, and rage, and cowardice were rending him."

"I kept him in view till the village began to wake and folk passed, and I fro about their business. He no longer wrestled with the big stone, but sat down on the mound in front of it, with his face against the top of the cross, and his cloak draped well over it. I knew he dare not move, so I left him till the afternoon."

"Then I returned to my watch-post, and there he was; and there was a score of villagers, attracted by the singular spectacle, crowding around him and offering him comfort. There were soft-hearted old women, crying over him and using all their eloquence to persuade him to go home. Home! He would not for a moment have quitted his hold on the stone cross for a thousand guineas told down."

"So I watched him till night set in, and his comforters, weary of beseeching, had retired home and to bed; then—I edged closer as it grew dark—I saw him watch the coast clear; and then he was at the stone again, wrenching, hauling, and pulling with the strength of two men. Then I stepped up."

"Sir," said I, "can I assist you?"

"It was fortunate that I had grown strong; for, after uttering a sudden cry of terror, he turned, and seeing who it was that had addressed him, cried, 'This is your work, then? Since you have my secret taken to her.'"

"He sprang at me like a mad beast, but, as one would a mad beast, I caught him by the throat and threw him at once to the ground. Then, his coward nature laid bare, he whined for mercy."

"I granted him mercy. I helped him to hoist the stone out of the ground, helped it on to his back, and, he staggering beneath its weight and I by his side, so through the dark bypaths we got home, and through the back gate into the house unobserved. I said to him, 'John Snape, your life is mine, and this is how I will use it. We will have a coffin made, with a pall and the other funeral furniture, and the coffin shall be the box to contain the stone cross; and once a year—say at Christmas-time, when all men are merry—wherever you may be, and I shall always know, you and I will have a day together. We will set up the stone, and you shall kneel at it while I look on.'"

"How I have kept my word," said the tall dark man, turning abruptly, "you partly know. What the result is you present all see."

"He turned, and, unlocking the door, bowed gravely, and was out into the street and away, no one following. As for the mysterious Mr. Snape, it was just as my friend the apothecary had judged—a diseased heart had caused our lodger's death, and, by virtue of a certain stipend to that effect, he was buried. The story made some fuss at the time, but the place where it occurred is so dreadfully dull and stupid that if they were to-morrow to receive information of the Thames being in flood, the only observation of the inhabitants would probably be, 'Dear heart! If some parts of the country beart alters in hot water!'"



## THE CHRIST-CROWN.\*

By W. B. RANDES.

## I.

"His neck droops on the rude cross-bough,  
The blood falls fast and red;  
A crown of flowers to soothe his brow!"  
The little maiden said.

"O flowers, He must not bleed and faint,  
Unhelped, who made you all;  
It is the Christ whose fingers paint  
The rose and the lily tail.

"O lily, and rose, and tulip gay,  
That shine in the garden-bed,  
Weave me a crown this Sabbath-day  
For the Christ with the drooping head!"

Then tulip, rose, and lily white  
Made answer with one accord,  
"Here stand we all in the morning-light,  
And bloom to praise the Lord;

But we are heavy, and large, and bold;  
The field-flowers keep the dew;  
The field-flowers light, and small, and cold,  
Shall weave a crown for you."

So into the greenwood the maiden went  
While the morning mist was grey;  
But soon the low, cool hours were spent,  
And it was high, hot day;  
And, roaming wide in wonderment,  
She missed her weary way:

And through the rifts between the bowers  
The great sun scorched her head,  
As she went filling her lap with flowers,  
Purple, and white, and red.

Then, hungry and tired, by a beech-tree broad,  
On the grass she sank and slept,  
While ugly woodland creatures, awed,  
A humble distance kept.

For the turtle-dove guessed why she came,  
And told it from her bough—  
"Snakes, lizards, and snails, a'oid, for shame!  
This maid, wide-wandering without blame,  
Seeks flowers for her Saviour's brow."

So sped the blazing afternoon,  
The maid still sleeping there,  
Till her face was white in the light of the moon,  
And the dew lay on her hair.

For the goblins grey of the dusk wood bowers  
Heard what the night-gale sang—  
"Let her sleep, undreaming, a few more hours;  
This is the maid who came for flowers  
On her Saviour's brow to hang."

Then the goblins grey of the dusk wood-bowers  
Came trooping tenderly,  
And plaited into a crown the flowers  
That lay on the maiden's knee;

And beckoned a band of fairies fair,  
Who, with many an artful stroke,  
Looped up and smoothed her golden hair  
All round, against the wake,

And filled their palms with briar-rose dew,  
And softly bathed her face.  
Sweet child! all creatures wait on you,  
Through our dear Lord his grace.

## II.

O! crisply stirred the cool dawn breeze,  
And shook the scorns down;  
O! what comes crashing through the trees?  
It is a stag so brown.

It was an antlered stag so brown  
Came, bright-eyed, through the wood,  
And, ready to bear her to the town,  
Before the maiden stood.

Now kneel, good stag, for she smiles and wakes,  
And let her mount thy side;  
The morning breaks, the greenwood shakes,  
Dear stag, to thy step of pride!

The maiden held her garland fast,  
So light, so cool with dew,  
And by-and-by the town at last,  
With the good church, came in view.

The stag passed proudly up the street,  
The folk were forth for prayer:  
"This antlered creature, brown and fleet,  
A maid with a garland bears!"

The stag came softly nigh the church,  
The folk stood mazed to see;  
The stag stopped conscious at the porch,  
And sank upon his knee.

Down stepped the maid, and a prayer she prayed,  
And kissed his forehead mild;  
Then up the aisle, with footstep staid,  
Passed meekly the fair child

To where her Saviour's image stood,  
The folk all wondering round;  
Upon the forehead red with blood  
The garland cool she bound;  
The stag fled fleetly to the wood,  
And never more was found.

\* See note to Statuette 100 (Modern Sculpture) in the Crystal Palace Catalogue.

## THE FISHERMEN'S CHRISTMAS.

Not before a bright fire in a cosy parlour, where the plate of hot muffins will ere long be superseded by a tiny kettle for the brewing of toddy, and a new pack of cards not yet released from their highly-glazed envelope, will be brought in with the green tablecloth, and the newly-trimmed lamp.

Not even in a still more jovial kitchen, where the ruddy light from the half-burned log is reflected in the tinware hanging high over the painted dresser like culinary trophies, and that steaming compound in the great bowl is already sending forth such odours of spice, lemon-peel, and alcohol as causes the funny man to rub his hands, and wink as he proposes a conundrum.

Not, thank Heaven! in the tavern, where a vagabond outcast sort of pretence of keeping Christmas Eve is made by those who come there as a last resource, either because they have no homes, or prefer the "house they use" to the homes they might have.

No! Out there, on the deck of their little craft, with such light as the lantern can afford them, and such fire as glams in the bowls of their friendly pipes, they sit and take a turn apiece at the tin razor which holds an extra share of old ship's rum in honour of Christmas Eve.

"A miserable Christmas Eve, indeed!" says the shuddering landsman, thinking of carpet slippers, hot elder wine, and the merry game that makes that night the pleasantest of all the year. "A miserable Christmas Eve, on the deck of that open boat, with nothing but the lead-coloured sea lashing in great waves all round you, and the driving wind that cuts like a knife blowing the salt spray over you as you sit with your feet half numb."

Well—landsman is right, no doubt; but still there are six stalwart men there, who, having hoisted themselves into their waterproof, and seeing that the little craft has good headway, can crack a joke—aye, and perhaps sing a song—blithely enough even under these circumstances.

You see a trifle of wind is not much to them, and they do not mind having a bit of heavy sea on once in a way. Why, the oldest of the party has been a fisherman, as he will tell you, "hard upon fifty years; that is man, and boy. Many a Christmas he has been out, and he minds that the first time was when his mother died; and after the men had carried her to her grave up there by the old church, they took him away with 'em to keep him from taking on about her, he being but a child, you understand." Brave hearts! thinking little of danger, whether it be in following your toilsome calling or in manning the boat that leaps to the rescue through the hungry waves to reach those who pray for your coming as they stand and look out from the wreck. Good men and true, God grant that the winds that blow this Christmastide may send you safely home to the cottages where wife and children already stand at the window watching that speck upon the great heaving sea!

The infant has waked up from his cot, and sits in its mother's arms, waiting for the great, rough, shaggy arms that take him and toss him to the ceiling. The good cheer is preparing already; may he for whom it waits soon come to spend Christmas amongst his children happily!—may the night's takings be a large and profitable draught of fishes, blessed by Him who gave to the Apostles that once great and miraculous one!

Lastly, may true Christmas thoughts hallow and sanctify the remembrance that His whose advent was announced to the shepherds feeding their flocks by night came at the same solemn hour, walking on the sea, to visit those fishermen who were his companions and friends, chosen to carry his word and work even to the uttermost ends of the earth.

## MR. NIGHT'S WILL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY A SEXAGENARIAN.

EDITED BY VAUGHAN DAYRELL.

"O transitory! O mortal!" as Homer says. This is a hideous picture of manners, such as I weep to think of, and as every mortal man must weep.—*The Yellow Flash Papers.*

Nor ten thousand years ago, not a hundred miles from the House of Commons (remember, I don't say whether it was the house that was burned down or not), not a hundred yards from the lobby of that house, stood an aged individual, with a head of snowy whiteness, at the door of the Temple of National Palaver. He was thick, short, ugly, coarse in manners, savage to brutality, but, like many other insolent officials, he was—happily for the accommodation and comfort of the public—venal. However impervious to politeness, his ruffled plumes could always be smoothed down by a timely "tip." When half-a-crown stealthily touched that rapacious hand his asperities softened down, he became rational, calm, communicative, and almost affable. The snowy-headed one continued for many years to receive half-crowns and insult the public; but from the former avocation he made money, saved it, speculated with it, wonderfully to be told, successfully, and amassed a considerable fortune, which gives rise to the incidents and interest of my story. The scene, however, here rapidly changes from the troubled waters of political strife to the vulgar serenity of a cockney watering-place.

The Rev. Bingham Goode was lounging at the bow window of a lodging-house at Ramsgate. The Rev. Bingham Goode had left his few poor sheep in the wilderness, and in the naughtiness of his heart had wandered away to enjoy for two or three months the delight of sea-views and sea-bathing. Attired in a dressing-gown of capacious dimensions and glowing colours, he amused the leisure of a mind which could stoop to trifles with a telescope, while yesterday's newspaper lay on the table. Mrs. Goode, who had breakfasted to her perfect satisfaction (to say the least of her devotion to that meal), lay at full length, in a posture more comfortable than elegant, on an adjoining sofa, and was rapidly turning over the greasy, well-thumbed leaves of a three-volume novel of the Jack Sheppard school. Miss Goode, a very precocious young lady, who was a confirmed coquette at fourteen, was flirting with a male cousin of about her own age who had come to invigorate his constitution by a stay at Ramsgate with his relatives, after a severe half-year's application at the far-famed academy of the Rev. Mr. Bricks, of Clapham. Mr. Goode watched the children as they made love by a series of quarrels and reconciliations after a very protracted game of draughts, and surveyed them with a sublime complacency, while he occasionally turned his eyes with an expression of unconcealed disgust to the recumbent figure of his corpulent wife. He then resumed the telescope, but, suddenly lowering it, shouted to Mrs. G. with a forcible prefix not very clerical, "My dear, why there's Old Night!" Mrs. G., who was absorbed in the thrilling story in her hand, was startled by his exclamation (not, however, from its being a sound unfamiliar to her ears, but because of the loud voice in which it was uttered), and very early at being interrupted at a crisis in the hero's career, when, having climbed over the walls of his prison with two turnkeys in pursuit, he had knocked one down senseless and shot the other.

"Well, my dear; and what if he is?" was the snappish reply, uttered in no very gracious or feminine tone.

"Well, my dear; just this. That, as I have often told you of late, we are his only relations, except that sickly boy who is here with him, and whom not all the salt in the sea at Ramsgate or elsewhere can preserve six months longer."

"But Mr. Night is only a porter, or something of that sort," rejoined the stout romance-reader of the sofa, rather magnificently. (She was in one of her aristocratic moods.)

"I don't care what he is," replied the Rev. Bingham Goode. "Catechum told me only a few days ago that, if Night has twopence, he has £50,000. He knows his London solicitor."

"Well, that may be all very true, my dear; but, pray, let me finish my novel. You give me such a headache with your loud interruptions."

This was spoken in a manner the most languid and a tone the most injured.

The Rev. B. was far too much accustomed to these matrimonial bickerings to allow his tranquillity to be much ruffled by them. He merely gave a short and significant grunt, expressive of his contempt for his wife generally and her present remarks in particular, and began to whistle and mend a pen simultaneously. He continued his melody, while he wrote three or four letters on business; for he knew that few things annoyed his wife more than whistling, and at the same time imagined, correctly enough, that in her present mood she would not condescend to complain. This method of taking his revenge inspired him with much apparent cheerfulness; and, when his correspondent duties were concluded, he made a quick toilet, and, brushing his glossy hair, and well-conditioned whiskers with more than usual care, and then regarding them with more than usual satisfaction, he hurried forth in the hopes of meeting his wealthy and valued friend Mr. Night.

While the rev. gentleman is so employed I must avail myself of his absence to say a few words to his disadvantage. He was one of that section of the clergy who are sent into the Church to acquire social position; to speak in plainer terms, to be made "gentlemen." Bingham Goode's father was a wealthy tobaccoist and an "eminent" man (I think this is the right word) among the Wesleyans. Growing ambitious and worldly as his riches increased, he became also somewhat lax in his religious duties. He paid for his pew punctually, subscribed liberally to "the cause" to the last; but, on the plea of ill-health, he was frequently absent from chapel, and (oh, worst of all!) sent his only son, Bingham, to Oxford to qualify for the Church. Bingham played the part which many a *novus homo* at the University does—i. e., he fell in with a fast set, who drank his wine and chaffed him about the "governor's cigars," the "paternal birdseye," &c., &c., and very materially assisted him in getting deeply into debt. When, however, he achieved his degree, the eminent Wesleyan, after some grumbling, swept off all the debts. Bingham—after a year's continental tour, during which he again got into debt, which the old gentleman again paid—was ordained a Deacon by the Bishop of — (that easy and excellent Prelate whose diocese has acquired an unenviable notoriety for the prevalence of dunces ecclesiastical because of the easy nature of Lordship's ordination examinations).

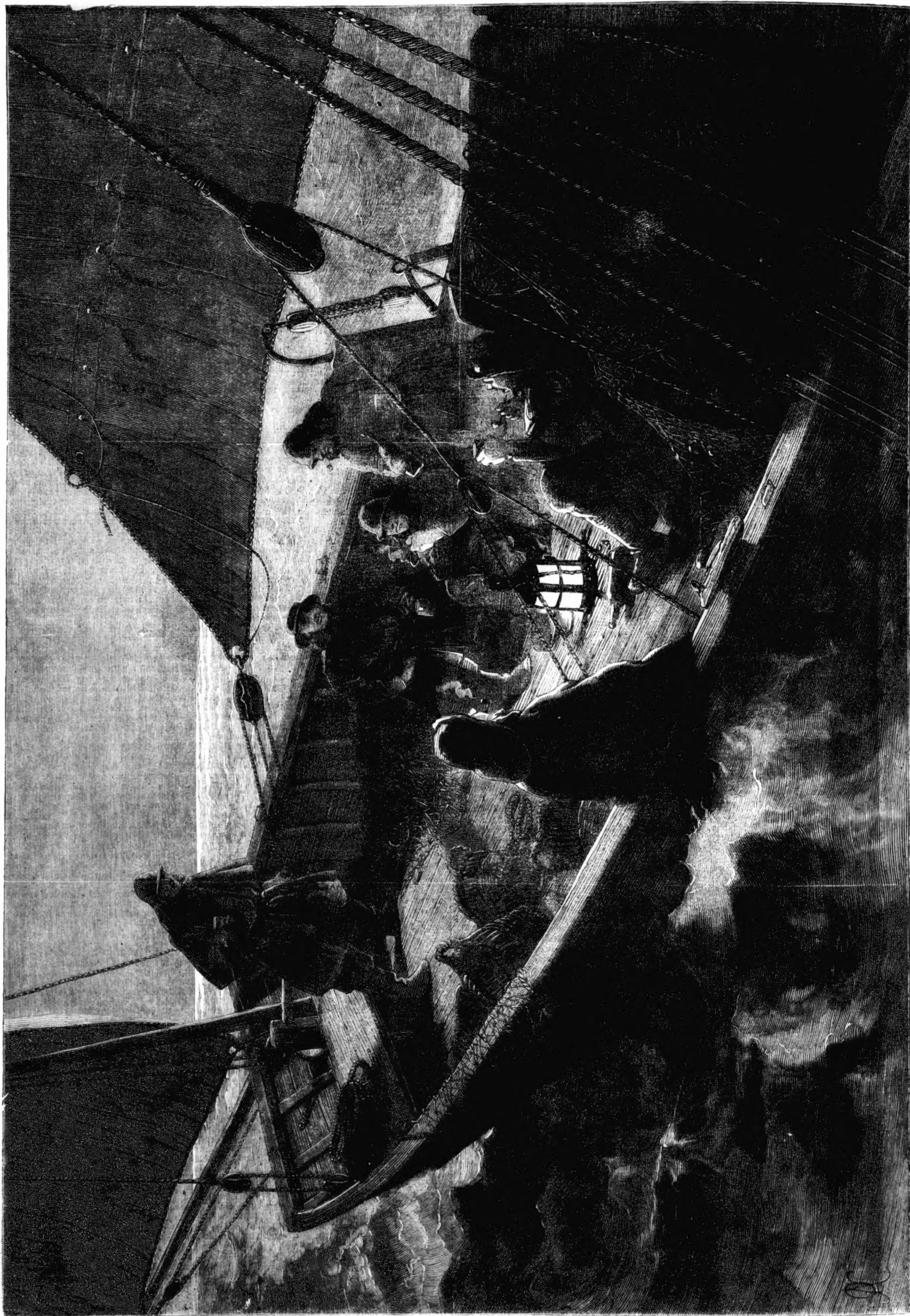
Mr. Goode had selected a neighbourhood in a hunting country for the scene of his pastoral labours. During the year of his deaconate he was Curate to the Rev. Goodenough Stoppit, a remarkably stupid man, who gave small, snug dinners to members of the Town Council, and was, in turn, entertained by them. During these twelve months Curate Bingham Goode conducted himself with some discretion in his own parish. True, he stole away for a few days to London or Oxford, or to hunt in a neighbouring county, whenever he could invent a plausible excuse for so doing; but at home he did not hunt—not that his Recluse Dr. Stoppit, objected to hunting clergymen, but to hunting Curates. The line must be drawn somewhere, he said; and, whatever they might do afterwards, "his Curates should not hunt." There were no schools in the town except those which belonged to the Dissenters; and the sick came in for the care of the schismatics too; so, besides reading prayers on Sunday morning, and reading in the afternoon a short sermon, which he always copied while smoking a cigar late on Saturday night, the Rev. Bingham's levitical labours were slight. He therefore entered into the gossip of the place with great zest; went to small tea-parties, and danced quadrilles; took a hand at whist with dowagers, and mixed their negus for them; was the life and soul of a glee club, and, if not a "dinner-out of first lustre," plied his knife and fork vigorously at the expense of others six days out of the seven. He, meanwhile, bethought him of matrimony. The object of his choice was the once slim and graceful, but now unwieldy, lady whom we have left romance-reading on the sofa.

Miss Trumpington, for such was Mrs. Goode's maiden name, was the niece of Mr. Isaac Trumpington, who settled late in life in the town which was now the sphere of Curate Goode's clerical toils, bringing with him only his niece Miss Arabella Trumpington. The fact of her parentage never being mentioned set the scandal-mongers of the place at work. They did not, however, pry very deeply into the matter. I should not like to say of Miss Arabella's mamma that, like the mother of Charles Edward Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, her name was Miss Montmorency, and that she lived in the New-cut; but, nevertheless, a mystery did hang over the young lady's parentage, and my readers, if curious, must be disappointed, for I have never myself been able to penetrate it. The Rev. B. G. had heard all the jokes and the sneers about Miss Arabella and Miss Arabella's uncle. He had at one time joined in them, but it occurred to him one evening after dancing a quadrille with her that she was a very fine girl, and upon his hearing next morning, quite by accident, from a solicitor with whom he was intimate, that Mr. Trumpington was very wealthy, and had left everything to Miss T., the rev. gentleman at once discovered that any curiosity about her parentage was extremely idle, and any gossip on the subject extremely illbred. He therefore danced with her, talked to her, rode out with her, insinuated himself into the old gentleman's good graces, proposed, and was accepted, wrote by that post to his father, "the eminent Wesleyan," to say that no clergyman should be without a wife, and that he had ventured to choose a young lady of virtue, beauty, and fortune, and he trusted he would approve his choice. Mr. Goode, sen., wrote his son a very kind letter, doubled his allowance from the day of his marriage, and sent him two boxes of his best cigars. The fair lady's uncle, who, by-the-by, had amassed his fortune by standing in that degree of relationship to the public at large, rather disappointed the extravagant Curate by making his niece an allowance of only £200 per annum. Mr. Isaac Trumpington, however, was old, and his health had of late been infirm. Our Deacon, therefore, hoped on without complaining.

Immediately after his marriage the Rev. Bingham Goode again appeared before his Diocesan and the examining Chaplain, and was ordained Priest. He now forsook the Rev. Goodenough Stoppit, and was fortunate in obtaining a curacy in a hunting county. The fact of the pluralist Rector of the parish being non-resident, and there being a large and commodious parsonage, and the curacy being a sinecure, made it in all respects just the place for the Rev. Bingham Goode. Here he splendidly entertained the whole neighbourhood; here he hunted three and four days a week. There was not such a gay or hospitable mansion in the county as the young Curate's. With his allowance from his father, his wife's allowance, and the stipend of the curacy, his income was £600 per annum, but he spent, as any man of tact and talent may do, nearly four times this amount. He was, however, a most fortunate spendthrift. At the end of the first two years his father died, and left him forty thousand pounds (he had expected more—but the eminent tobaccoist and Wesleyan left something to "the cause," and to distant relatives). The pace of the Rev. Bingham for the next six or seven years was really "tremendous." Champagne flowed in the parsonage like water; he hunted more frequently; shot every day that he did not hunt; yachted at the Isle of Wight in June and July, and took a moor in the Highlands during August; paid the clergy of the neighbourhood very handsomely in dinners and specie for taking his duty; and, in short, was a fast sporting parson. He was nicknamed "Squire Goode," and some of the boon companions who won his money at whist, and who when fortune and skill did not favour them in this way contented themselves with borrowing it.

Among other friends no one was a more constant guest at his table than agent Catechum. He had a wife whom he ill-treated, who was a wretched invalid, and who stayed at home, and confided her grievances to her servants (who, of course, divulged them to the whole neighbourhood), while Catechum was dining and whist-playing at the parsonage. The agent was on very intimate terms both with Mr. and Mrs. Goode. To the former he advanced money when he was in difficulties on bills, post-obits, and warrants of attorney, at a ruinous rate of interest; with the latter the go-go said that he flirted with more ardour than discretion. Any reader who knows anything of money and its power of evanescence will easily understand that what with former debts, this rate of living, and the able assistance of agent Catechum, the forty thousand pounds had "grown small by degrees," though not beautifully





THE FISHERMAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.—DRAWN BY J. F. FASQUEL





CHRISTMAS DAY - WAITING FOR THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN - DRAWN BY J. J. J.



# **TAKING HOLLY FOR THE CHURCH AT CHRISTMAS.**

The good old custom of decking our homes with evergreens at Christmas has died out of late years, except in country districts, where such simple recognitions of the season survive the utilitarianism of town life.

The churches, however, cling bravely to these festive decorations; and even in the very heart of this great city the lights shine out for the evening service through holly, bay, and laurel.

There is something beautiful too, in the dark green leaves and bright berries. The shining spears of the holly, with the glistening white edges and the darker background of leaves and stems, make a decoration which speaks of that rejoicing in which the rich and the poor should meet together, "the Lord being the maker of them all."

## **THE CARRIER'S CART:**

HAPPY the man who expects a hamper from the country at Christmas. Still more happy he who has both the means and the will to send one where it will be received with rejoicing as a token of the faith and love which should be evoked by the blessed time when all the social affections are garnered together, when peace on earth and goodwill to all those with whom we may have been at variance, forgiveness, and charity prepare the soul for the advent of another and a better year.

There is a world of pleasant surmises to be got out of a Christmas hamper. What will they think of that turkey? Will they be altogether taken by surprise when they see the size of the fowls? How one would like to see them all unpacking it in the kitchen, and wondering who it can have come from. Was it mentioned in the letter that the brandy-bottle was wrapped in the flannel? Wasn't the letter itself put inside the goose? Will they get it in time? Will they get it at all? The two last suggestions are so alarming that, being in the City, we may as well go and inquire about the carrier.

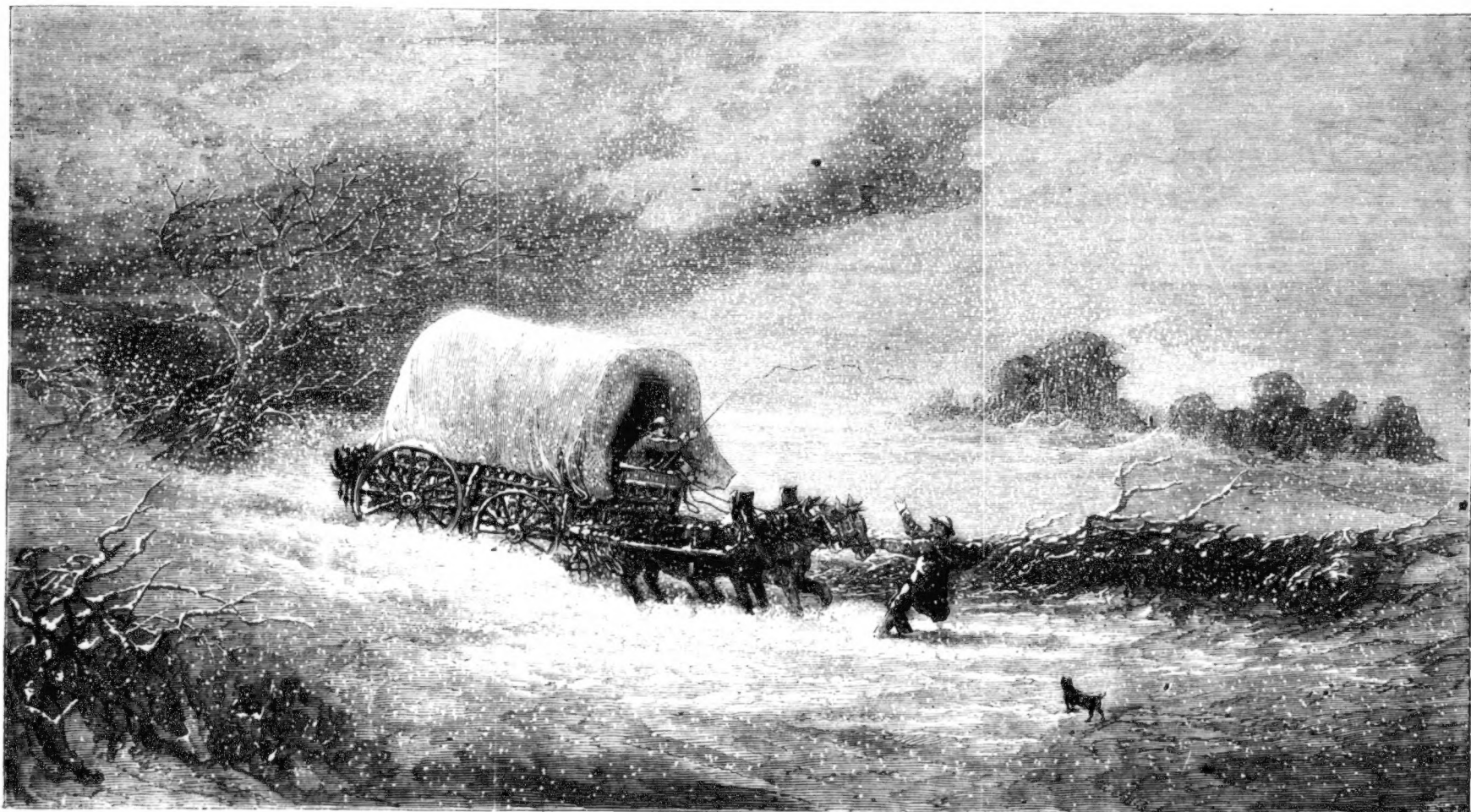
It hasn't been sent by railway—that's some comfort; so there's no chance of its having been stowed away somewhere in a lost-luggage department on a branch line, and only discovered in an advanced stage of decomposition. No! The carrier's the man for our money. Who

could possibly be responsible for any individual parcel in a luggage-train on a Christmas Eve unless he himself were packed up with it? The carrier's slow, certainly; but, then, see how sure he is! What a sense of serene competency to fulfil the public expectation is manifest in his calm, stolid face as he listens to your directions, leaving off biting a choice clover-stalk as he nods a gruff "All right!" and tells his mate to

says Joe, becoming warm on it, and appealing to me, "blest if master here didn't take his coat off an' set-to adiggin' the van out with a new shovel as we was atakin' to Farmer Potts; but, Sir, that was a night such as I never see since." Here Joe relapses into his glass, and, as times's up, I watch the queer old van, with its Christmas cargo, go rumbling out into the quiet street.



VILLAGERS PROCEEDING TO DECK A COUNTRY CHURCH WITH HOLLY.—(DRAWN BY A. SLADER.)



THE CARRIER'S CART IN THE SNOW.—(DRAWN BY A. SLADER.)